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Big Time

by Rae Chadwell

"Like it?" Ann Pirouetted Coquettishly Before Roger, Holding Up the Sides of Her Dress With Dainty Fingers, Exposing a Pair of Trim, Shapely Legs.

CHAPTER I.
An Unsettling Tragedy.

ANN TRENT groped cautiously down the stairs in the murky gloom of a gray Winter dawn. The button of the stair light had broken yesterday and Roger had been too tired after four hours' overtime at the bank to repair it. Always something, she thought peevishly—and blamed the bank for it. If they paid Roger what they ought, or, better still, if they promoted him as he deserved, he wouldn't have to live in a place where the buttons fell off the walls.

She trod softly across the living room, careful not to trip over anything, and switched on the piano lamp. The subdued rosy glow relieved her disgruntled feelings somewhat, but the house was too chilly for her to recover altogether at that moment. Rubbing her slim, bare arms vigorously, she hurried out to the kitchen and put the coffee on to perk. She lighted all the gas burners and scurried to the basement, hugging her shoulders with folded arms to ward off the chill, and stirred up the furnace. She made a mental note that they must get in coal before the end of the week and turned fresh water into the tubs where clothes were soaking.

In the basement of the other half of the double, she heard the furnace rattling.

"You up, too, Lee?" she called cheerfully. Lee Tyler always fired the furnace before Judy got up. On wash days he was down an hour earlier.

"'Morning, Ann," boomed through the wall.

Ann could hear him turning water out of the tubs. She felt a little sorry for Lee. Her resentment and ill feeling began to flow from her. Part of a woman's work was in being cheerful and making a home happy for her family. She hurried back up the stairs, humming under her breath, pleased that she took such good care of Roger.

She turned the flame lower under the percolator and went into the living room, reproaching herself for her earlier bad humor. After all, she had much to be thankful for. She gazed tenderly around and a faint indulgent smile hovered at the corners of lips inclined to curve proudly. It was a cheerful room. It was the nicest living room they had ever had. She was overwhelmed by a sudden intimate friendly feeling for everything in it: the taupe rug to harmonize with the stained woodwork; the low mantelpiece of gray brick; the stuffed velour davenport before the fireplace, with the narrow table at its back; the matching chairs—the largest in the corner; Roger's smokestand beside it; the baby grand piano; the seascape over the mantel and the few simple pictures on the wall. Yes, Ann concluded, it was a cheerful room; and she was an ingrate to be complaining.

As a measure of contrition, she turned on the bridge lamp by the davenport. A mellow golden glow mingled with the rose one. Ann left it on. It would be more heartening on such a gray morning for Roger to see it like this when he came down.

A newsboy's monotonous bawl broke the stillness of waking day. "Xtry, xtry, read-all-about-the—" The rest was lost in a blur of unintelligible sound.

Ann hoped the newsboy wouldn't wake Roger.

"Good morning."

She whirled around, her lovely oval face lighting happily. The accent on the "good" was a signal that her spouse was in an especially fine mood.

"Roger Trent!" she scolded, shaking her head reprovingly at the figure in the old blue dressing gown smiling so enticingly at her. "What are you doing up at this hour?"

"Good morning," he insisted, pursing his lips, shuffling his feet in mock impatience.

"You must have had a good sleep," Ann declared, her dark eyes softening with sudden tenderness. Roger was such a little boy at times. She skimmed into his open arms.

"I didn't," he informed her. "Babs had me up in the night."

"Again?" Ann frowned thoughtfully, and Roger kissed her between her adorably arched eyebrows. "Same thing?" she asked.

He nodded.

Babs was incurably afraid of the dark. If she chanced to wake in the night, she screamed in terror for her daddy; Roger always lay beside her until she slept again.

Ann disengaged herself and Roger sat down.

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Making Life Easy for Busy Bridge Players

INVENTIVE genius has, at last, come to the aid of the world's vast army of bridge players with a table which makes it possible for the game's enthusiasts to devote their entire time to bidding and playing the cards, with no time lost in shuffling and dealing.

Concealed beneath the surface of the table is an intricate mechanism motivated by electric current. Set in one side of the table is a little drawer just big enough to hold a deck of cards. When the time comes to deal a new hand, one of the players merely pulls out this drawer, puts a deck of cards in it and closes the drawer. The instant the drawer is shut, the mechanism automatically goes into action. Its skillful robot fingers not only give the cards a more thorough shuffling than is possible by the best of hand shufflers, but they deliver four hands of 13 cards each to little compartments on each side of the table directly in front of the contestants.

The instant that the machine has dealt the four hands it stops and does not go into action again until another deck of cards is placed in the drawer to be shuffled and distributed for the next hand.

The Bridge Table That Does Everything but Bid and Play. The Deck of Cards Is Placed in a Drawer and Then an Electrical Connection Makes Things Happen. The Cards Are Mechanically Shuffled and in a Moment Full Hands Are Dealt East, North, South and West.

ACME PHOTO

In Front of Each Player Is a Slot Through Which 13 Cards Are Delivered on Each Deal.

KEYSTONE-UNDERWOOD PHOTOS

At the Very Bottom of the Table, Is the Compartment Where the Unshuffled Deck Is Placed When the Players Are Ready. The Photograph Shows the Intricate Machinery Concealed Under the Table Top

Englishmen are quite as enthusiastic about auction and contract as Americans are, and when a London store announced a demonstration of the new table, hundreds of disciples of the game flocked to the store to see the device and work it themselves. They were as delighted with the invention as a child with a new and mysterious toy and all day long, people sat down to the mechanical table and placed packs of cards in the drawer to listen to the low hum of the shuffling and dealing mechanism and wait for hands to be delivered to them.

Some of the experimenters with the device which has been called "the realization of a bridge player's dream" were skeptical. They put new packs of cards into the machine—packs in which the cards in each suit were arranged numerically—and waited for the mechanical dealing device to deliver the cards in orderly sequence. But the robot surprised them. It mixed the hands up as cleverly as the best of hand shufflers could do.

Other attempts to fool the electrified table were made. All the face cards were put together; sometimes all the tens, nines, eights, etc., were carefully put together in the deck—but this made no difference to the shuffling and dealing machinery. It dealt no two hands in just the same way and there was no way of predicting how it would distribute the cards.

About the time that the first of the tables that make nonstop bridge possible appeared in England, the remarkable invention was being introduced to players in this country at a bridge players' convention in New York City. Here, as in Britain, experts at the popular game, tried in many ways to outwit the robot by feeding it packs of cards arranged in many different ways. But the machine was too clever for them and, in every case, it shuffled the cards in different and unpredictable ways.

Most people who go in for auction, and the more complicated and modern version of the game, contract, are such ardent devotees of the game that they welcome any machine which cuts down the manual labor in the pastime and which speeds up the play so that more hands can be played in any given session at the table.

It is possible, with the newly perfected self-shuffling and self-dealing table to play continuous bridge, for while the players are picking up and arranging their hands, all the dealer has to do is place the customary second deck of cards in the drawer. The machinery concealed beneath the table immediately goes to work, and long before the players are ready for the next round, the cards are thoroughly shuffled and distributed in the four little compartments, ready to be removed and used.

KEYSTONE-UNDERWOOD PHOTO

A Fair West Coast Bather, Shown Wearing a Transparent Costume That Caused a Stir Among Spectators at One of the Popular Beaches, Until It Was Revealed That She Was Wearing Clothes Under the Window Pane Wrapping Paper.

The New Electric Chair for Germany's Stray Dogs

BERLIN.

FOR many years the homeless, unwanted and hopelessly ill or injured cats and dogs of the German capital were put to death by being chloroformed or shot. Sometimes death was instantaneous and sometimes the doomed creatures suffered for several minutes before they succumbed to the bullets or the deadly effects of the lethal fluid.

Officials of the Berlin Animal Rescue League later installed a battery of gas chambers which they believed to be more humane than any of the other methods of disposing of small animals. Experiments made with these chambers showed that, when the gas was of sufficient strength, the largest breeds of dogs succumbed in less than 30 seconds and with commaratively little struggle.

Now, however, the Berlin organization has what it thinks is the ideal device for snuffing out the lives of cats, dogs and other animals. It is what might be called an electric chair and, in it death comes instantly and without the slightest pain to the victim.

This device is shown in the photograph at the right. The dog is standing on a metal floor and is wearing a metal collar. When the switch is turned a current of 1,000 volts passes through the animal's body. This is actually more voltage than is necessary to kill a dog, but the machine is amply powered so that death occurs almost the instant the switch is thrown.

Because the "electric chair" is not a box, or cage, the dogs that are killed in it daily have no fear of the device. When the gas chambers were used, the doomed creatures seemed to sense that they were going to be killed and they sometimes thrashed about in the narrow chamber until the fumes of gas stopped their violent efforts to escape.

The electric chair for dogs and cats is not a brand new idea, because similar systems have been in use in this country since 1911. It was in that year that the Animal Rescue League of Boston installed several such machines. Within a few years at least 20 other American cities had bought outfits, which were approved by scientists and humane societies as the kindest way to end the lives of creatures that were sick or homeless.

In the headquarters of the Berlin Animal Rescue League there are two electric chairs for dogs and four smaller ones for cats. Thousands of pets have been put to death in these machines and in not one case has there been any evidence that the animal lived for more than five or six seconds after the current was turned on.

The Electrical Apparatus Used in Berlin, Germany, for Humane Exhibition of Abandoned Animals.

Transparent Beach "Pajamas"

THE bathing beauties of California are forever going in for the newest fads and foibles in beach wear. When one-piece bathing suits were something of a novelty—and a shocking novelty to people who believe that modesty should be a prevailing note of swimming outfits as well as less informal costumes—the smart watering places of California blossomed with shapely young women in one-piece suits.

Almost every new mode in beach pajamas has been introduced on the sunny sands of the Pacific Coast and, once in awhile, the fair bathers there go in for innovations that are more "stunty" than practical, but interesting for all that.

The photograph at the left shows one of the more recent of these innovations—a suit of transparent beach pajamas. It is unlikely that a vogue for such fragile costumes will sweep the country, but the pioneer wearers of such flimsy apparel have an idea that it lets the rays of the sun shine on their skin and, while not preventing them for acquiring a healthy coat of tan, saves them from the discomforts of "sunburn."

Aside from any practical usefulness the new-style pajamas may have, they are distinctly popular with spectators because they do not conceal any of the physical charms of the wearer. If a bathing beauty has the sort of well-turned legs that would delight the eye of an artist, or a beauty contest judge, she does not have to deprive admirers of the sight of these anatomical attributes when she comes out of the water and slips on her pajamas.

"Log Mining" in Maryland

IF THE citizens of the little village of Whaleyville, Maryland, were questioned about one of their chief industries, they would find it hard to decide whether this industry comes under the head of lumbering or mining. Perhaps the most accurate answer that they could give would be: "Log mining."

In the swamps around Whaleyville are thousands and thousands of cypress logs that have been submerged beneath the mud and water for years. Because of the remarkable durability of the wood, which is seasoned rather than rotted by being sunk in the damp soil, the logs are in prime condition and find a ready market.

Every year, just before the first warm days of Spring, many of the male inhabitants of the community go into the swamps for a few weeks of their strange kind of mining. They dig down into the muck and take out the tree trunks, which are piled, dried and sawed into lumber.

Shingles made from these logs have an unbelievably long life. Just how durable and weather-resisting these thin slabs of wood can be is demonstrated in one of the town cemeteries, a graveyard that is the resting place for the remains of many pioneers of that section of the country and which dates back nearly 200 years.

It was the custom of the pioneers to protect the graves of their dead with shed-like structures roofed over with shingles. Some of these, still sound enough to keep out the rain, are said to have been made of logs "mined" from the surrounding swamps. The uprights of the little grave-shelters are, for the most part, made of cypress logs and some of these are solid enough to be used in building today.

Just how much timber remains in the soggy ground of this section of Maryland remains to be seen, but the yearly discoveries by the logging miners, or mining loggers, indicate that the supply is plentiful.

Japan's Airplane Detectors

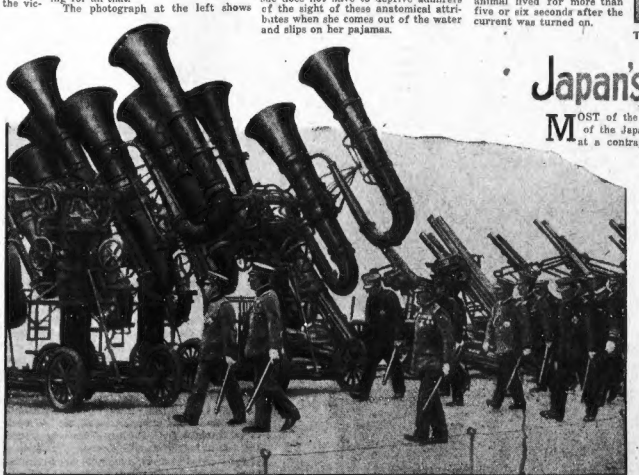
MOST of the hugh crowd that attended the recent military maneuvers of the Japanese Army, in Osaka, stared in wonder and mystification at a contraption which looked like a battery of oversize saxophones mounted on rubber-tired motor trucks.

Whatever they were, they must be new and important equipment for the country's fighting force, because Emperor Hirohito, dressed in the trappings of a field marshal, spent a long time studying them and asking questions of the officers who strode respectfully a pace behind him.

The odd looking machines were no mystery to these officers, who explained to their commander-in-chief that the huge horns could pick up the sound of an airplane propeller more than 10 miles away—sounds that were too faint to be heard by the keenest of human ears. Each of the horns was equipped with a sensitive diaphragm and machinery which amplified the sounds picked up by the horns.

These machines are airplane detectors of the most modern type and they are as important in up-to-date warfare as the anti-aircraft guns which are designed to repel winged invaders. Not only do these devices pick up the drone of plane propellers long before the planes can be seen, but they also enable the men who operate them to estimate how many miles away the planes are, in what direction they are traveling and how high they are above ground.

With such mechanical ears it is almost impossible for an army in the field to become the victim of a surprise attack from the air. If the attack came in the daytime, the anti-aircraft guns would be quickly put in position to do battle with the war birds, and if the assault came at night, batteries of powerful searchlights, as well as anti-aircraft guns, would be brought into play to sweep across the heavens and pick out the planes in the darkness, so that the artillery on the ground could be trained on them quickly and accurately.



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

The Emperor of Japan Inspecting the New and Spectacular Device Designed, With the Use of Huge Trumpets and Amplifiers, to Detect the Presence of Enemy Airplanes Within a Range of 10 to 15 Miles.

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One Song-and-Dance Daughter-in-Law Walks Out—Another Walks In

Undismayed by the Troubles of Show-Girl Hannah Williams After She Married Multi-Millionaire Otto Kahn's Son Roger, Versatile Sara Jane Heliker Marries Son Gilbert, Whose First Wife Also Wasn't Happy in the Great Fifth Avenue Mansion

Mr. Gilbert W. Kahn, Son of Otto Kahn, Music Patron, Philanthropist and International Banker, and His New Bride, Miss Sara Jane Heliker.

As Hannah Williams, Show Girl Bride of Son Roger, Walks Out of the Stately Kahn Mansion on Fifth Avenue in New York, Versatile and Jolly Show Girl Sara Jane, Second Wife of Gilbert, Walks In.

Mrs. Otto Kahn, First Mother-in-Law of Hannah and Now Mother-in-Law of Sara Jane.

The New Mrs. Gilbert Kahn, Acting as Traffic Cop at West Palm Beach, Florida, in a "Publicity Stunt."

Emily Kahn, Gilbert's Sister, With Her Husband, the Dignified English Major J. C. O. Marriott, on Their Wedding Day.

THE doors of the great Otto Kahn mansion on Fifth Avenue, New York, recently swung open to receive another daughter-in-law of the international banker and former head of the Metropolitan Opera House. It was only a few months ago those same portals early in the morning were quietly opened by a sleepy-eyed butler and a Kahn daughter-in-law, with a lone dollar in her purse, stepped down and forever out of the sedate life behind those stone walls.

The departing daughter-in-law was a "song-and-dance" actress who had married the younger son of the multi-millionaire; the new daughter-in-law is a "song-and-dance" actress who has just married the eldest son. Will she find her life behind those stately walls any more to her liking than did the first stage girl?

"I simply couldn't stand any more. Things were so bad that finally I just had to get up and walk out," explained Hannah Williams when she left Roger Wolfe Kahn, the jazz-orchestra son of the banker. And she added:

"I never want to see Roger or any of his family again, and I don't want any of their money. All I am asking is to be let alone."

Not a bit dismayed by Hannah Williams' unhappy experience in that splendid mansion, now comes Sara Jane Heliker, 22, pretty and surprisingly accomplished, to try the role of daughter-in-law. She is the new bride of Gilbert Kahn, 29-year-old partner in his father's banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company.

"I'll try anything once," has been Sara Jane's rule of life, and she has tried many things in her brief years. She has been dancing-school teacher, chorus girl, artists' model, specialty dancer, beauty contest winner, clothes manikin, bathing beauty who could actually swim, and publicity promoter. Sara Jane is confident all these accomplishments have fitted her to be the daughter-in-law of one of the richest and most aristocratic men in the world. Hannah Williams is said to be skeptical.

Miss Heliker quit a good job in the musical show "Take a Chance" to take a chance in the millionaire's palace. The last previous chance she had taken had been with the musical "Ballyhoo," and when that flopped she found herself out of a job, but not for long. She has also played in "The Third Little Show" and Ed Wynn's "Laugh Parade."

But Sara Jane's stage career has occupied but a small part of her time. Born in Indiana, she was soon taken to West Palm Beach, Florida, where her mother ran a dancing academy. When the daughter was graduated from high school in 1929 her first job was as instructor in this academy.

West Palm Beach is separated from Palm Beach proper by only a few hundred yards of tidewater, but the social gulf between the two places is wider than the Gulf of Mexico. A few years ago it would have seemed impossible for a West Palm Beach dancing teacher to zoom across this social chasm and make a graceful landing in "Oheka," the splendid Palm Beach estate of the Kahns, but Sara Jane proved that it could be done. To her Florida friends, this is the most astounding feat of her career.

After she had won a couple of bathing beauty contests and her face had become known to thousands in cigarette, bed-springs and soap advertisements, Sara Jane felt the call of Broadway, and quit the dancing school for the chorus. She got a job in a road show, which soon folded up. But Sara Jane got to Broadway, nevertheless.

On one of her visits home she was quietly passing the time posing for dress models when she was called on to perform a great civic duty. West Palm Beach had hired a press agent and determined to have its place in the sun properly recognized throughout the country. Would Sara Jane pose for some pictures? Will a duck swim?

Comfortably attired in the standard Florida style—a one-piece bathing suit—the future Kahn daughter-in-law donned a fireman's helmet, and while the newsreel cameras clicked she ran up high ladders, poured streams of water on imaginary flames and dashed about waving a fire-axe. Then she changed to a policeman's cap, and, whistle in mouth, directed, or rather tied up traffic, at the city's main intersection. The news cameras did not miss this, either, and thousands of persons, shivering in northern blizzards, opened their papers to see Sara Jane's shapely figure signaling to automobiles which, curiously enough, seemed to be halted in four directions at once.

The city had "blown" itself for a gigantic shuffle-board layout, and the press agent thought it would be a swell idea to have Sara Jane and some of her sylph-like girl friends—in one-piece suits, of course—play a game while the camera men recorded the scene. All went well until a 250-pound lady, quite properly attired, insisted on taking part in the frolic.

In vain Sara Jane, the other beauties and the camera men protested. The stout girl insisted on her right to play, so the photographers in disgust folded up their boxes and departed. This is one newsreel which will probably never shock the conservative Kahn family. Everyone else agreed Sara Jane's publicity campaign was a great thing for West Palm Beach.

And then, with hardly a hint in advance, Miss Heliker and Gilbert Kahn were quietly married a few weeks ago. It was Sara Jane's first marriage, but not Gilbert's. Some years ago he espoused Anne Elizabeth Whelan, daughter of the multi-millionaire head of chains of tobacco shops and drug stores. That wedding was celebrated in the Italian Garden of the Hotel Ambassador, and was on such a magnificent scale that it was compared to the extravagance of some of the "early Vanderbilt" weddings. Dozens of Vanderbilts, Astors and Whitneys attended, to say nothing of scores of lesser lights of society, Wall Street and grand opera.

The united Kahn-Whelan fortunes were then estimated at $200,000,000. If ever a couple were auspiciously launched on the sea of matrimony, these young people were. Yet, in June of last year, Gilbert advertised that he would no longer be responsible for his wife's debts. Anne Elizabeth thereupon went to Reno on her own resources and promptly obtained a nice, private divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty.

Just three weeks later Gilbert married Sara Jane. But not in the Italian room of the Hotel Ambassador. There were no Vanderbilts, Astors or Whitneys present. A municipal court justice performed the ceremony in Gilbert's penthouse apartment, 912 Fifth Avenue. The only other member of the Kahn family to grace the nuptials was Roger Wolfe Kahn, husband of the rebellious Hannah Williams.

Nothing is done in the Kahn family without formal announcement. So with the marriage, and the official statement in part said:

"Miss Heliker left the musical show, 'Take a Chance,' three weeks ago. She will not return to the stage."

When young Roger Wolfe Kahn married Hannah Williams two years ago, it was announced by the Kahn family: "Miss Williams has retired from the stage and the young couple have left for an extended wedding trip." On their return they moved into the great Fifth Avenue mansion and Hannah's troubles began.

To marry Roger, she had given up her part in the musical show, "Sweet and Low," in which she had made a big hit with the song, "Cheerful Little Earful." That "cheerful little earful" was the well-known phrase, "I love you."

If it was a "cheerful little earful" when Roger whispered his love into Hannah's ear, it was certainly not a "cheerful little earful" when a sharp-eyed friend of the bride noticed a little paragraph in the paper and read to her this cheerless earful:

"Notice is hereby given that Mrs. Roger W. Kahn (Hannah W. Kahn) is not authorized to contract any obligations of any kind in my name or in my behalf on my credit or responsibility. Roger W. Kahn, husband, 1100 Fifth Avenue."

This was just a few days after the disillusioned bride had clutched her lone dollar bill under her arm and stepped out of the Kahn home forever.

Although it has been said that the poets' "love-in-a-cottage" idea is an exploded notion, yet it is possible that Hannah and Roger might have gotten along happily if they had been a poor young couple living in a furnished room.

But from the moment the "song-and-dance" daughter-in-law of the rich Kahns entered the Kahn mansion, her matrimonial happiness was doomed. Although Hannah was a nice little girl and had considerable natural intelligence and musical ability, yet she did not have the background of wealth, fashion and culture of the members of the Kahn household.

It can be seen that Sara Jane has a job cut out for her if she expects to live happily under the Kahn roof. Hannah got a job singing and dancing in the Central Park Casino, and sang and danced with a little extra abandon whenever she saw a friend of the Kahn family in the place. She has just gone to Reno for her divorce.

A few days after Roger's notice about Hannah's bills appeared in the newspapers, the identical notice was repeated, except that the names were changed to fit the case of Gilbert and the former Anne Elizabeth Whelan. The Kahn family never—well, hardly ever—acts without legal advice.

Probably it was from a couple of these momentary lapses that the elder Mr. Kahn found himself in the embarrassing position of being sued at the same time by two opera prima donnas. These ladies never pretended to dance on the stage, but as singers they simply outclassed Hannah Williams and Sara Jane Heliker.

First, Mme. Lydia Lindgren brought suit against Otto Kahn for alleged breach of contract. It was a very complicated suit and involved another prima donna, Mme. Julia Claussen, whom Mme. Lindgren had already sued for $250,000, alleging slander. Mr. Kahn figured in that suit, too. In fact, Mme. Lindgren sued Mme. Claussen because she said the latter had scandalously connected her name with Mr. Kahn's.

Then she sued Mr. Kahn for the half-million dollars because she said he had failed to keep an agreement to settle a large sum on her for several reasons, one of which was the dropping of her slander suit against Mme. Claussen.

While lawyers and courts were busy trying to get a start on this legal jigsaw puzzle, Mme. Rosalinda Morina, a coloratura soprano, sued Mr. Kahn for $250,000, charging that he had libeled her when he denied some words of praise from him that she quoted in an advertisement.

About the time his first "song-and-dance" daughter-in-law came into the family, Papa Kahn got rid of the annoying opera singers' suits by settling both out of court. Although the settlements were made at "depression prices," they are known to have made a sizable dent in the financier's bankroll.

One of Mr. Kahn's daughters is married to Major John Charles Oakes Marriott, of the Scots Guards of the British Army. It is said that Major Marriott views with considerable alarm the mounting numbers of his "song-and-dance" sisters-in-law.

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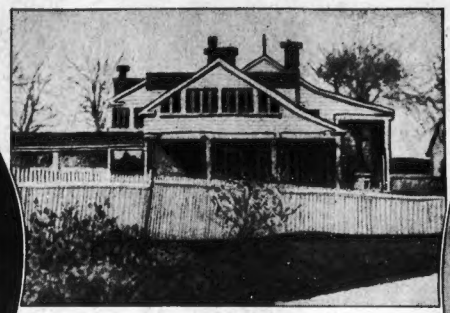
No Social Advisor in the Gang—So They Bungled the Robbery

Phillip S. Tiffany, Whom the Thugs Surprised in Bed and Trussed Up With Some of His Best Silk Neckties.

Miss Christine Jones, a Bridesmaid to the Guest of Honor at the Held-up Party That Didn't Come Off Because the Gangsters Were Ignorant of the Ways of Fashionable Folk.



Woods Mill Farm, the St. Louis Estate of George S. Tiffany, Where the Gang of Would-be Jewel Thieves Made Prisoners of Eight People, but Bungled the Robbery Because They Arrived Six Hours Too Early.

Mrs. Arthur Preece, the Former Lily Busch Magnus, Who Was to Have Been the Guest of Honor at the House Party That Might Have Yielded the Gangsters Thousands in Jewels and Money If They Had Timed Their Arrival Sensibly.

An alert inhabitant of the underworld recently read in the social columns of a St. Louis newspaper that a luncheon would be given at "Woods Mill Farm" the country estate of the wealthy and socially prominent George S. Tiffany. It was to be in honor of Miss Lily Busch Magnus and her fiance, Arthur D. B. Preece, huntsman for the Bridlespur Hunt Club and son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Preece, of Northampshire, Long Buckley, England, Westbury, Long Island, and Del Rey, Florida.

The "Busch" in Miss Magnus' name, connecting her to the family of the late Adolphus Busch, the wealthy brewer, whose grand-daughter she was, spelled money to the gangsters.

It also seemed a safe assumption that the friends of the couple—since married—could be counted on to wear a pretty good haul of jewels. It was stated in the luncheon announcement that about eighteen guests were expected. So the thugs conceived the bright idea of taking possession of the Tiffany home on the day of the luncheon and receiving the guests.

The gang made its fatal mistake in planning the Tiffany robbery when they thought a luncheon was just plain lunch such as is consumed immediately after the twelve o'clock prison whistle blows. The bandits didn't realize that a society luncheon may take place anytime in the afternoon. So, instead of invading the Tiffany estate about noon to await the arrival of the guests an hour or so later, the bandits made the fatal mistake of taking possession at six o'clock in the morning.

When two men knocked on the door of the Tiffany home at that unseemly hour, George Tiffany, the head of the house, rose sleepily from his bed and answered the door. He was knocked unconscious with a blackjack and when he came to he was being carried upstairs.

Although the bandits—there were at least six of them—may have been hazy on matters of etiquette they did know the business of thuggery. Swiftly and efficiently they went about their task of trussing up the various members of the household. Five of the bandits went to an upstairs bedroom where Phillip S. Tiffany, George Tiffany's son, was sleeping with his friend, Arthur D. B. Preece, one of the honor guests of the scheduled luncheon. Four of the men seized and held the still sleeping pair while a fifth grabbed half a dozen silk neckties off a nearby rack and proceeded to truss up the two men on the bed.

While one man stood guard over the two men on the bed, three others, who were joined by another pair of the gangsters made their way to the third floor where Mrs. Ellen Dyer, the cook, was sleeping. She was hustled to the room where young Tiffany and Preece were held captive. The elder Tiffany also had been brought to his son's bedroom. The one remaining member of the household, Louis, the butler, was brought in, and more of Phillip Tiffany's neckties were used to bind the three new prisoners.

Two hours elapsed and it was apparent that the bandits were growing impatient for the arrival of the guests. When they were told that the first guests would not arrive until two o'clock in the afternoon the gangsters were, figuratively speaking, fit to be tied themselves.

The uneasy "reception committee" was about to go into conference when William Banks, a farmer neighbor, and his son, arrived at the house to return a set of borrowed skid chains. They were overpowered, taken to the bedroom with the rest of the captives and tied up.

About nine o'clock another "guest" arrived—an employe of the Bridlespur Hunt Club, with a message for Mr. Tiffany. He was rushed to the detention room protesting that someone from the club would be looking for him if he didn't get back promptly.

The thugs resumed their interrupted conference, decided that the newest prisoner was a menace to their plans, that they just couldn't go on capturing unimportant visitors to the Tiffany estate and that, as one of their number suggested, "they'd better scram out of this joint."

They "scrammed" shortly after nine o'clock and about an hour later Mrs. Dyer managed to work loose from her bonds and free the rest of the prisoners. The crooks had put the telephone out of commission, so Phillip Tiffany drove to the nearest house and phoned the expected guests that the party was off.

South America's Bird-Catching Spider

The Jungles of British Guiana Teem with Vicious and Deadly Creatures—Anacondas Big Enough and Powerful Enough to Crush the Life Out of a Man, Rattlesnakes and Monstrous Lizards. But the Hairy-Legged Spider Shown in the Photograph Doesn't Take a Back Seat for Any of These Killers. He Is Bigger Than a Tarantula and His Favorite Occupation Is Stalking and Killing Birds.

The tarantula is the creature that comes to mind in any discussion of big and vicious spiders, but the jungles of British Guiana boast a cousin of the tarantula that is about the biggest and meanest member of his breed. He is a monstrous yellow, fast and facile on his feet, strong enough to stalk and capture his favorite article of diet—birds—and equipped with a stinging apparatus that paralyzes everything he attacks. Zoologists call him the Mygale, but he is unpopularly known as the hairy-legged spider.

The many-legged insect thug shown in the photograph was found crawling through the tangle of vegetation on the banks of the Mazuruni River. He was, as the unusual picture reveals, hurrying home with the warm body of a good-sized bird in his powerful claws. The prey was not dead, but in a stupor because of the poison that the spider had injected into it the moment he had pounced on his victim.

Explorers who have had an opportunity to study the hairy-legged spider in its habitat say that it is a remarkably sly and speedy killer. It knows where to look for birds and how to conceal itself against a background that harmonizes with the dark coloring of its body. Until it is ready to attack it stands as still as a statue. Then it springs into action, clutches with its claws and its powerful legs and makes the capture certain by a quickly applied "shot" of the poison which is kept in a pair of sizable poison sacs.

The insect tries to avoid human beings, but when it is cornered it is a dangerous fellow to fool with. Its poison is said not to be deadly to humans, in spite of the fact that the Indians that live in the Guiana jungles tell many stories of victims who have died horrible deaths after being bitten by the insect.

Scientists know, however, that the hairy-legged spider has a vicious bite which causes swelling, intense pain and a high fever. They are familiar with cases in which human beings have been sick for days and out of their minds because of the toxic effect of the poison on the blood stream.

"Jokes" That Cost $150,000 a Year

LONDON.

Among the thousand and one problems that the civic authorities of the British capital are struggling with these days is the distorted sense of humor of some of the city's crazy and thoughtless inhabitants. These Londoners go around pulling in false fire alarms and then whimsically disappear to some obscure point of vantage where they can chuckle to themselves at the befuddlement of the firemen trying to locate the blaze. Their "jokes" swell the city budget by something like $150,000 a year.

Within the past year the London fire department has answered at least 3,000 false alarms. A few of these have been caused by defective electric wiring, but the great majority of the alarms have been rung by anti-social individuals who wantonly endanger lives and property by calling men and apparatus away from their stations when there may be real fires to fight, to say nothing of the cost of these unnecessary runs.

Just what to do about these "jokers" is a problem that the authorities have yet to solve. They have stationed plain clothes police near the boxes from which most of the false alarms are rung. But the "jokers" are clever and they have their fun at fire alarm boxes unguarded by officers of the law.

Hardly a day passes in the world's largest city that the fire department does not go out on one or more of these annoying and costly wild goose chases, and when the "jokers" are feeling especially "funny" they ring in as many as 10 or 12 false alarms a day, which keep several hundred firemen and many pieces of apparatus on the move most of the day and night.

It is estimated that a new alarm system might prevent some of this annoyance and waste, but the cost of installing the system is estimated at $350,000 and the authorities hesitate to spend that much money.

Insect Monsters That Rob Mankind of Millions Annually

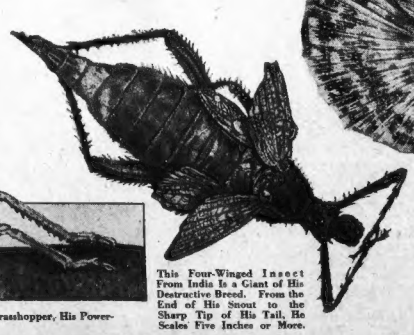
Farmers in this country have their troubles with insect pests which wage a relentless and expensive war on all sorts of vegetation, but they are not beseiged by some of the winged insect giants that make agriculture in India and the Far East a precarious and, often, a profitless occupation.

One of the photographs below shows a breed of grasshopper that lives in Asia Minor and, in some seasons, infests that arid part of the world in countless millions. Besides this hungry bug the common American grasshopper is a little fellow with a modest appetite for growing things. The hind legs of the Asian insect are six inches long, and it is not difficult to gauge his size and weight from this dimension. When the sky is black with these giants of the insect world, nothing that the farmers of the area can do makes much difference. The monsters plaster themselves on everything edible and make a clean sweep of all vegetation in their path.

Two other voracious destroyers are shown in the photographs. One of them is a four-winged creature, a peculiar breed of beetle that likes the climate and crops of India. The other is the so-called Gigas, a kind of living and minute bombing plane that moves through the air with great speed and will eat anything that grows.

Until the most efficient weapons known to science are brought into action against these enemies of the human race they will continue to rob tillers of the soil of millions of dollars every year. Their unusual size makes them more than ordinarily destructive and somewhat harder to annihilate than insect pests of lesser bulk. It will take years of time and a lot of money to wipe them out.

The Locust in the Picture Above Hails From Asia Minor. It Is Many Times Larger Than the Common Grasshopper, His Powerful Hind Legs Measuring More Than Six Inches



This Four-Winged Insect From India Is a Giant of His Destructive Breed. From the End of His Snout to the Sharp Tip of His Tail, He Scales Five Inches or More.

The Gigas, a Pest of Eastern Asia, Is a Sort of Insect-Bombing Plane With a Wing Spread of More Than Four Inches and an Appetite for Anything Green That It Comes Upon.

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A New Way to Discover How Good Your Figure Is

With the Girth of Her Wrist as the Unit of Measurement, a Woman With a Tapeline Can Determine the Correct Proportions for the Rest of Her Body—Men Are Judged by Their Knees

A Perfect Pair of Hands and Wrists From the Viewpoint of the Artist, But Whose Measurements May Prove the Remainder of the Body to Be Far Removed From the New Standards of Perfection.

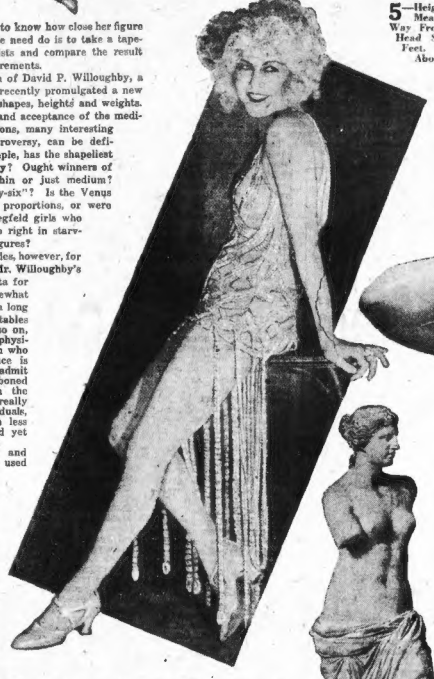
IF AN American woman wants to know how close her figure comes to being perfect, all she need do is to take a tapeline, measure around her wrists and compare the result with certain other simple measurements.

This, at least, is the assertion of David P. Willoughby, a Los Angeles medical artist, who recently promulgated a new set of rules about normal body shapes, heights and weights. If his findings win the approval and acceptance of the medical and other scientific professions, many interesting questions, now matters of controversy, can be definitely answered. Who, for example, has the shapeliest legs in the United States and why? Ought winners of beauty contests be plump or thin or just medium? Exactly what is "a perfect thirty-six"? Is the Venus de Milo actually perfect in her proportions, or were the thin, long-legged, hipless Ziegfeld girls who were so popular a few years ago right in starving themselves to secure those figures?

Physicians look to the new rules, however, for something much more practical. Mr. Willoughby's rules and tables include shape data for men also, although computed somewhat differently than for women. For a long time it has been realized that the tables of average weights, heights and so on, ordinarily used to tell whether a physician's patient or a man or woman who is a candidate for life insurance is overweight or underweight, admit far too many exceptions. Big-boned people often weigh more than the tables call for, but still are not really overweight. Small-boned individuals, on the other hand, often weigh less than required by the tables and yet are perfectly normal and healthy.

Still more serious exceptions and uncertainties exist in the tables used for the heights and weights of growing children. Never have the children's specialists been able to give parents any simple rule for how much a child should weigh, how tall it should be or how fast it should grow. Always the expert must take the special circumstances into account; so much so that many specialists advocate ignoring the tables altogether, or even suppressing them, as being likely to mislead parents and raise unnecessary fears.

No one is more anxious than the physicians for improved and simpler rules for the relations between weight, height and body shape, although there still is too little data to be sure that Mr. Willoughby's new rules will supply this urgent medical need.



Mlle. Darvye, of the French Stage, Whose Figure Is An Almost Perfect Type of the Small-Boned Woman.

The fundamental idea of the new rules is that the shape and heaviness of the skeleton necessarily affect the relation between height and weight. If a person has large bones and a wide, large skeleton, the muscles must be larger also, together with similar increased sizes of many other organs. Such a person should weigh more for the same height than a person whose skeleton is narrow, small-boned and delicate. The ordinary weight tables take no account of such differences.

Undoubtedly the best way to determine the character of the skeleton inside a body would be by means of complete X-ray photographs of the bones. Some day this actually may be practicable, but for the present Mr. Willoughby uses a set of six definite body measurements. One is the width of the shoulder bones, measured across the shoulder blades. Another is the breadth of the hip bones, also measured between the outermost points of these bones. A third is the width of the pelvic bones at the bottom of the abdomen. The other three are the girths of the wrist, the ankle and the knee, all measured as far as possible to indicate the sizes of the bones themselves rather than of the flesh or fat on top of them.

In Mr. Willoughby's complete method these six measurements are put through a mathematical process of what amounts to averaging them very accurately, to yield a single figure which then serves as an index number for the size and heaviness of the skeleton, much as statisticians put many separate figures together to obtain the "index numbers" now much used to show the state of business, the cost of living and so on. From this bodily index number for the nature of one's bones it is possible to calculate the weight that a person should have for a given height and, accordingly, to distinguish cases of real overweight or real underweight from those which merely seem falsely to be too heavy or too slender.

The index number for the bones also makes it possible to calculate what the sizes should be for the neck, the chest, the waist and any other part of the body of interest to physicians, beauty contest judges, artists, dressmakers or anyone else. To determine these mathematical relationships, Mr. Willoughby carefully measured the bodies of 72 individuals, all of them selected as being in perfect health and of normal, well-developed body shapes.

For the purposes of a physician or even of a beauty contest judge, the making of six separate measurements of the bones inside the body is not too troublesome, but there are even simpler rules which Mr. Willoughby finds to be approximately accurate, which depend on a single measurement only and do not require some of the complicated bone measurements of the complete set of six. Thus, the masculine knee was found to be the best single indication of the bony framework inside the male body, and the girth of the wrist for the feminine body. Accordingly, for approximate purposes, the wrist girth of a woman may be taken as an index of what all other bodily sizes and proportions ought to be.

In the United States, the average woman is five feet three inches tall and weighs 130 pounds. Starting from this, it is possible to compute the exact shape that this average woman should possess.

The girth of the wrist in inches is taken as 100 per cent, as indicated in the table on this page. This girth is measured with a narrow tape measure at the smallest part of the wrist, just above the hand. Both wrists should be measured and their average taken, as one sometimes is a trifle larger than the other. When this wrist girth is known, the ideal number of inches for each of the other measurements may be calculated from the printed table, taking the indicated percentage in each case.

Suppose, for example, that the wrist measurement turns out to be exactly 6 inches, which is a little less than that of the average American woman. The width of the shoulders then should be 268 per cent, or 2.68 times this, or 16.1 inches; the girth of the hip bones should be 613 per cent of the same 6 inches, or 36.8 inches; the waist measure should be 429 per cent, or 25.7 inches; the girth of the ankle should be 135 per cent, or 8.1 inches, and so on.

For men a similar system is followed, except that the girth of the knee is used as the single standard measurement, instead of the girth of the wrist.

For either men or women, care is necessary to make the measurements at exactly the right spots and in the right way. Otherwise the averages and normals given in the tables will not apply exactly. The wrist girth, as already noted, should be measured where the wrist is smallest. The distance across the shoulders is to be measured between the outermost points of these with the person standing, the arms hanging naturally at the sides and the chest, back and shoulders in the normal erect position.

For this measurement a tape measure will not do, since this cannot be stretched straight and tight between the points to be measured. The best instrument is a caliper, like those used by draftsmen or mechanics, but a yardstick held behind the back so that the width of the shoulders may be sighted against it will serve to make this measurement approximately.

Like the girth of the wrist, the measurements of neck girth, waist girth and ankle girth are to be made at the smallest parts of these regions. The waist girth is the ordinary "waist measure" of dressmakers. The chest girth is measured with the chest in passive condition, neither extremely contracted nor extremely expanded, and is best made in a horizontal plane just above the breasts and underneath the armpits, about where a dressmaker ordinarily measures the chest for what is called the "bust measure."

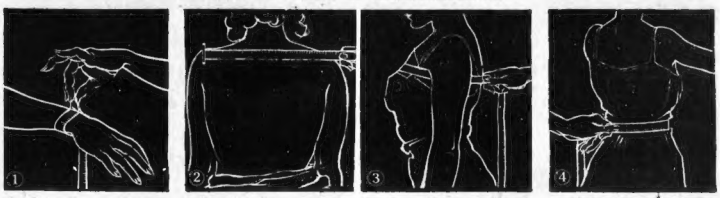
The size of the fleshy part of the hips is indicated by the measurement of hip girth, which is to be taken by a tape measure at the largest part of the hips, wherever this may be. The girth of the upper arm also is to be measured at its largest part, with the arm flexed and the muscles contracted as strongly as possible, the measurement often called that of the biceps muscle. The girth of the forearm also is to be measured with the fist clenched to contract the muscles and with the tape measure at the largest part of the forearm. The girth of the thigh and calf also are measured at the largest places on these parts of the legs, and preferably with the person standing but with the leg muscles otherwise relaxed instead of tensed. The girth of the knee is measured across the center of the knee cap.

If a set of measurements is made in this way and any do not agree with those calculated from the tables for the wrist girth, the woman measured is not of the right shape, according to Mr. Willoughby's tables. If everything does agree, that woman or girl, if such a one exists, may be considered perfect so far as these rules and tables are concerned.

There is no reason, however, for the girls who do not meet these requirements to be distressed. So far as beauty and attractiveness are concerned, history is full of examples of misshapen and ugly women who attracted desirable mates and lived happy and successful lives. Nor is there any certainty that Mr. Willoughby's charts represent the shapes of women which others would be sure to admire. They represent merely the average of certain individuals selected as supposedly normal, well-developed and good-looking.

However this may be, every American girl will want to know how close she comes to the scientifically evaluated standard for Mr. Willoughby's group of individuals selected for good health, beauty and normality; and everybody will want to know the individual points, if there are any, in which she falls short of this new American ideal.

HOW TO TAKE THE MEASUREMENTS.

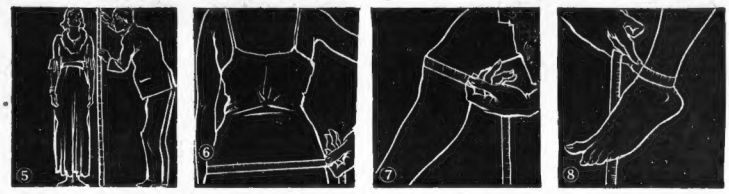


1—Wrist Measure. Measure Both Wrists and Divide the Total. Take Measurement in Inches and Convert Into Decimals. Example—a Wrist 5¾ Inches in Circumference Would Be 5.75 Inches.

2—Shoulder Measure. Measure Straight Across From Tip to Tip With Yardstick or Ruler, Not Following Contour of Back. The Ideal Shoulder Measure Is Computed as 2.68 Times the Wrist Measure.

3—Chest Measure. Measure Above the Breasts. Chest Should Be in Normal Condition, Neither Extremely Expanded Nor Contracted. Ideal Measure Is 5.49 Times That of Wrist.

4—Waist Measure. Measure With Tape Around Narrowest Part of Waist, With All Corsets, Girdles and So On Removed. Ideal Waist Measurement Is 4.29 Times the Wrist.



5—Height. This Should Be Measured Any Convenient Way From Heels to Crown of Head Standing in Stocking Feet. Ideal Height Is About 10 Times Wrist Measure.

6—Hip Measure. With the Tape Measure Around Widest Part of Hips, Legs Being Together and Person Standing in Easy Normal Posture. Ideal Hip Measure Is 6.13 Times Wrist Measurement.

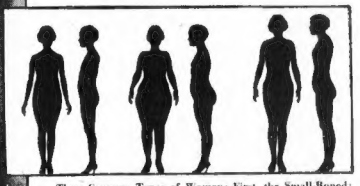
7—Knee Girth. With Tape Measure Horizontally and Around the Middle of the Knee Cap. Stand Easily on Both Feet, Without Straining Any of the Leg Muscles. Ideal Knee Girth Is 2.29 Times Wrist Girth.

8—Ankle Measure. Use Tape on Right Ankle at Smallest Part, Just Above the Ankle Joint While Foot Rests Easily and Firmly on Floor. Ideal Ankle Measure Is 1.35 Times Wrist.

Table of what various dimensions of the average American woman should be in percentages of the wrist measure, according to the rules of David P. Willoughby.

(In measuring girth of neck, use tape around base at thickest part; in measuring upper arm, raise it with muscles flexed; in measuring girth of forearm do it with fists clenched):

Girth of wrist—(Unit of measurement)	1.00 Times Wrist.
Width of shoulders	2.68
Girth of neck	2.09
Girth of chest	5.49
Girth of waist	4.29
Girth of hips	6.13
Girth of upper arm, flexed	1.84
Girth of forearm, fist clenched	1.58
Girth of thigh	3.60
Girth of knee	2.29
Girth of calf of lower leg	2.23
Girth of ankle	1.35



Three Common Types of Women: First, the Small-Boned; Next, the Heavy-Boned Type; Third, the Tall, Slender Woman Who Is a Combination of Both. Proper Weight, It Is Now Suggested, Should Be Computed from the Character of Skeletons Rather Than From Height.

Mlle. Juliette Depresle, Who Won First Prize at a Paris Beautiful Torso Contest—An Example of the Large-Boned Type of Woman Who Normally Should Carry More Weight Than the Thin-Boned Type.

The Venus de Milo, Long Regarded as the Classically Perfect Female Body.

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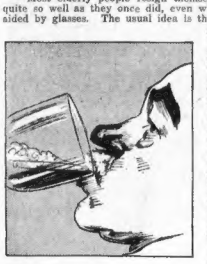
Some Everyday Mysteries Explained

Why the "Old Folks" Go Down Stairs Slowly and Why They Like Bright Lights, Why Bedbugs Are Becoming Fewer, Why Striped Shirts Suffer Most at Laundries and Why Alcohol Makes Some People's Noses Red and Not Others

LIKE other years, 1932 has produced its share of scientific discoveries; not only the strictly professional ones about cosmic rays, or the inside of atoms, or the things that are going on in stars and nebulas billions of billions of miles across the universe, but also many discoveries which explain some every-day mysteries. For example, about why people get gas on their stomachs and about what kinds of food they should eat, discoveries about why teeth decay or don't decay, and about the enemies that threaten to conquer bedbugs when man has given up the conquest, and even discoveries about why striped shirts wear out faster when sent to the laundry than do shirts that are pure white or all of any other one color.

One of these homely, ordinary discoveries of science this year is about why grandpa wants the lights turned up bright in the sitting room when he is reading his newspaper in the evening, while the younger members of the family want to turn them lower and think that grandpa is an old crab for wanting them so much brighter than is necessary. It is all a matter of the age of one's eyes and of what happens to them as they get older, Professor Arthur Birch-Hirschfeld of the German University of Konigsberg has discovered.

Most elderly people resign themselves to seeing not quite so well as they once did, even when their eyes are aided by glasses. The usual idea is that sight inevitably grows dimmer with age. Professor Birch-Hirschfeld does not agree. The chief difference, he finds, is that the elderly eye needs more light to see with than the same eye needed when its owner was younger. Given that brighter light, an older person's eyes are likely to see as well as anybody's; which immediately makes clear why grandpa wants more light. He needs it to see with; and, incidentally, it will do the younger folks no harm so long as the brighter light is not glary. The experts compute that the average American household or office uses only about one-third to one-half as much light as would be best for good seeing with average eyes, even young ones.



Why Some People's Noses Get Red When They Drink Alcoholic Beverages and Others' Do Not, Is Explained By a Vienna Scientist as Due to the Varying Effect of Alcohol on a Special Center in the Brain Controlling the Supply of Blood in the Capillaries.

Another bit of the year's scientific news about light was the announcement by Dr. J. W. T. Walsh of the National Physical Laboratory, of London, to the effect that people may make themselves and their families happy or unhappy merely by the amount of artificial light used in their homes in the evenings, and by the way that it is used. Dr. Walsh believes that one of the most depressing kinds of lighting is the old-fashioned kind in which the ceiling and the upper part of the room is dark while most of the light falls from shaded lamps onto the desk on which one works, the book one is reading, the top surface of the table used for playing cards, and so on. Brighter light in the top of the room, so that there are no dark corners and the light is reflected downward from a brightly lit ceiling on to tables or books, is the cheerful kind which Dr. Walsh recommends.

One of the greatest of modern every-day mysteries is how anybody in a big city can get any work done with all the noise going on around—a situation amusingly illustrated by the German artist, Charles Girod, in a picture on this page. Recent research suggests that many city dwellers acquire the ability to become deaf to all but the most violent noises. There are cases of men who have become blind simply because it had become extremely distasteful to look upon their wives. When the wives are sent away, sight returns. Something like this is happening, many scientists believe, in the adjustment of our ears to modern noises.

Another habit of grandpa and grandma is to go down stairs slowly and gingerly, instead of bounding up or down two or three steps at a time the way that the young folks do. Another of the year's discoveries, made by Professor Georg Schmorl of the Friedrichstadt Hospital at Dresden, Germany, is why this is so, a discovery made by studying more than seven thousand backbones which Professor Schmorl has accumulated in the years that he has been practising medicine and teaching in the medical schools. The reason for the care which elderly people must take in stepping down suddenly is that the small cushions, or shock absorbers which Nature provides in between each two segments of the backbone, often get hard and lose their springiness as one gets older. This does no great harm, but it does mean that the head and brain may be jostled and shocked more severely by a sudden step down, like a passenger in an automobile with bad springs going over a bumpy road.

One scientific argument which has continued to rage during 1932 is about what causes or prevents the decay of teeth. For many years dentists and physicians have been insisting that "a clean tooth never decays," and, accordingly, that the proper way to be sure of keeping one's teeth until an advanced age is to clean them carefully twice each day with a toothbrush and with soap or some other dentifrice. During the year, research workers at Columbia University announced experiments with rats which indicate that the teeth of these animals are not saved from decay by cleanliness nor made to decay by the lack of it, but that the chief causes of decay seem to be matters of diet, especially the amounts of certain kinds of acid in the food.

Early in the year an English student, Mr. Douglas M. Gane, pointed out that the best teeth in the world, so far as known, belong to the islanders who live on Tristan da Cunha, a lonely island in the mid-Atlantic, seldom even visited by ships. It is asserted that there is not even one toothbrush on the island, so that the clean tooth idea cannot account for what keeps these islanders' teeth in such good condition. Only a few weeks ago another item of evidence came from Hawaii, where three physicians of the Queen's Hospital at Honolulu discovered that teeth of Hawaiian babies occasionally decay inside the baby's gums, even before the teeth have been cut through into the mouth.

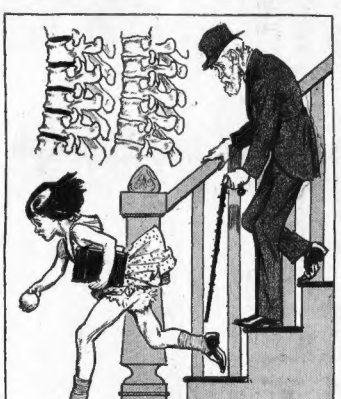
Against this evidence, however, the results of a long investigation at the Mellon Institute, in Pittsburgh, was reported during the year as showing that tooth brushing and the use of proper dentifrices do tend to make tooth decay less common. Probably the truth is that tooth decay can be caused in many ways and that uncleanliness of the mouth is one of them, although not the only one. Food, heredity, and probably other matters, are important, too.

The vitamins, concerning which more and more information is gleaned each year, probably are among the substances which tend to make good teeth and to prevent decay, so that dental considerations as well as arguments drawn from effects on general health urge everyone to eat plenty of the foods rich in vitamins—such foods as fresh milk and butter, fresh fruits, fresh vegetables and fresh eggs.

One useful discovery about food was that of Dr. William E. Anderson, of Yale University, about the exact quantity of fiber or other "roughage" needed by the average digestive system in order to keep that system in good condition. The necessary quantity is about a quarter of an ounce of pure fiber a day, which is about the same as though one chewed up and swallowed one ordinary desk blotter. About three ounces of fresh grapes will supply this much fiber, or two peaches or pears, or about four apples. Nearly twelve ounces of cabbage, fourteen ounces of spinach, or eighteen ounces of lettuce are needed to provide the same quantity of fiber, thus confirming the observation that many people have made on their own digestions to the effect that fruit supplies the necessary "roughage" more efficiently than vegetables such as spinach.

The man who made the year's chief announcement about the common discomfort of gas on the stomach, also a symptom recognized by physicians as often indicating the beginning of some more serious disease, was Dr. A. E. Russell, of St. Thomas' Hospital, in London, England. Dr. Russell's theory is that what causes this uncomfortable sensation may be leakage backward into the stomach of some of the alkaline solution ordinarily present in the part of the digestive system just beyond the stomach, called the duodenum. The stomach itself ordinarily contains acid, which has a duty there in the digestion of the food. Accordingly, when alkaline solution leaks back into the acid stomach, the two may react just as do the two halves of a fizzy Seidlitz powder when these are mixed. That makes the uncomfortable gas.

Two French scientists, MM. V. Pachon and E. Fabre, announced during the year that this stomach gas which Dr. Russell discussed and which causes so much human discomfort may have an important function. A large number of X-ray pictures of stomachs showed the two French students that there usually is a little gas in every stomach, forming a gas bubble at the top of the stomach's liquid contents. This may save the stomach from injuring itself when it contracts, and thus make digestion a painless process; just as the compressible air bubble in the metal dome at the top of a fire engine is put there to take up excess pressure and to prevent the pump from bursting the hose. Too little stomach gas might be just as painful as too much, or even more painful.



Why Do Children Bounce Down Stairs Two or Three Steps at a Time and Suffer No Discomfort, While Grandpa Must Go Down Slowly, One Step at a Time on Pain of Breaking Something or Getting a Serious Jar? A New Scientific Discovery Traces This to Little Shock-Absorbing Cushions Between the Bones of the Spine, but These Cushions Get Harder and Absorb Fewer Shocks as One Gets Older.

This may help to explain, too, the mystery of why the mind has so much effect on comfort or discomfort from one's insides. Everyone knows that strong mental interest in something may cure a stomachache or a toothache, temporarily or even permanently. No doubt the nerve messages from the compressed gas in the stomach are going to the brain all the time, but are noticed and transmuted into pain chiefly when the brain is not otherwise occupied. One famous psychologist, Dr. William Brown, of Oxford University, England, recently pointed out that such auto-suggestion, which means what a person tells to himself and persuades himself to believe, can influence health, illness, character and ideas to an enormous degree.

One of the year's important discoveries about disease germs was the conclusion of Dr. John W. S. Blacklock of Glasgow, Scotland, about the three ways that babies get tuberculosis. Most of the lung tuberculosis ordinarily called consumption is acquired by babies through contact with adults who already have the disease, so that one important health precaution is to keep all infected adults strictly away from children. Another way in which the tuberculosis germs may be acquired by children seems to be when the baby begins to crawl about on the floor, where some of the living germs are picked up and put into the mouth. This is a common cause of tuberculosis of the bowels, and should be prevented by keeping the floors and other parts of rooms which children can touch as clean as possible. The third way of entry of this disease is by the getting into milk of germs of the type of tuberculosis which affects cattle, something now largely prevented in the United States by modern inspection of cattle and exclusion of tubercular ones from dairy herds.

A long investigation of cases of fever in Helsingfors, Finland, was reported during the year by Dr. Herman von Willebrand, of the Fever Hospital of that city. He concluded that there is no doubt that certain kinds of weather favor the catching of germ infections by human beings, while other kinds of weather oppose such germ invasions, thus returning to a familiar popular idea of a generation or two ago. The chief factor seems to be the air pressure, so that a barometer might serve to forecast days when the average human being would be most susceptible to germs and other days when he would be most resistant. It is the low air pressure which seems to make people more resistant, although Dr. von Willebrand is careful to point out that his data apply to the one city only and that the rule may be different in other parts of the world.

Something that used to worry some people a good deal, and may once more if prohibition is repealed, was why alcohol makes certain imbibers' noses turn red, while other people apparently can drink even more alcohol without having their complexion changed at all. A theory of this was announced this year by Dr. B. Kauders of Vienna, Austria. The secret is believed to be an effect of alcohol on a special nerve center in the brain, which center has the duty of regulating the flow of blood through the small blood vessels or capillaries, especially in the skin of the face and nose. Some people apparently possess nerve centers which are more sensitive to alcohol; other people have nerves which are less sensitive. The former get red noses from drinking; the latter do not.

One of the year's practical discoveries about complexions is that of the Italian physician, Dr. M. Matarasso, who takes off freckles by freezing the skin underneath each individual freckle with the intense cold of carbon-dioxide snow, often called "dry ice." A tiny, pointed pencil of this cold material is applied carefully to the freckle, which drops off in about a week and leaves clear, white skin underneath. Much skill is needed, however, to use this frozen freckle treatment safely.

In the matter of germs, no less an authority than the American Medical Association advocated during the year lessening the number of cats in human households, on the ground that these cats are spreaders of dangerous germs, including the germ of undulant fever, the germs of colds and of other fevers, the liver fluke, and at least two kinds of tapeworm. In Denmark, Dr. C. Wesenburg-Lund discovered in streams and ponds more than forty kinds of tiny swimming germs of the deadly bloodworm class, creatures which do enormous harm to health in tropical countries such as Egypt. Perhaps these bloodworms are spreading slowly outside the tropics, possibly by aid of cats or other domestic animals.

One familiar household pest of former generations, the bedbug, has attracted scientific attention because it seems to be decreasing in numbers all over the civilized world and to be occupying smaller areas, going back, perhaps, to the original area in the Eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea from which bedbugs are believed to have spread over the rest of the world a century or two ago. Major E. E. Austen, insect expert of the British Museum, in London, suggests that natural enemies of the bedbugs, such as the house centipede, the red ant, the book scorpion and a kind of black spider, may be catching up with the bedbugs; which originally spread faster than these enemies and temporarily escaped from their control. If this is true, Nature may be stopping the bedbug plague against which man was all but helpless.

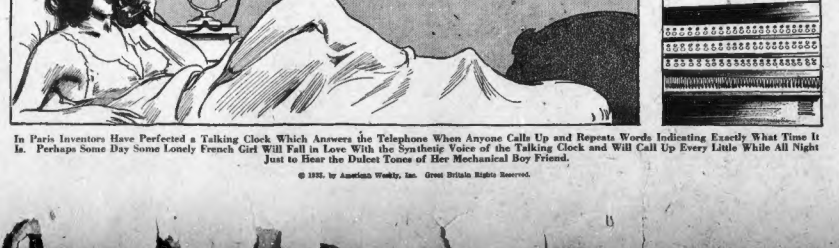
Another annoying and dangerous insect, the mosquito, has been attacked during the year by new man-made devices. In France experts have tested a mosquito trap which lures the insects with a light and then sucks them down to death in a stream of air like that of a vacuum cleaner. In the United States Dr. Hugh Cummings of the United States Public Health Service, described a few weeks ago to the New York Electrical Society another mosquito trap which uses vacuum tubes like those of a radio receiver to make a sound like the hum of another mosquito. Lured by this song of their own species, the insects are supposed to come close to the trap and be killed by an airstream, as in the French trap, or by electricity.

Touching Up a Girl's Freckles With Grease Paint or Powder in Order to Hide Them Is Nothing New, but a Skin Specialist Has Invented a New Kind of Pencil That Takes the Freckles Off Forever Instead of Merely Making Them Invisible. It Consists of Solid Carbon Dioxide, Many Degrees Colder Than Zero, So That the Freckled Spots on the Skin Are Frozen and Drop Off.

Another ingenious French invention of the year is a talking clock, which can be installed in any telephone exchange, to be called just as one calls any telephone number. Once called, the clock gives the correct time, in words pronounced by a phonograph record, thus releasing for other duties the living telephone operators now used in France and other countries for telephone time service.

Another invention, this time a Swedish one, is a clock that is expected to run forever, or at the very least for centuries, without needing to be wound, set, oiled or handled in any way. No electricity is used, as in the familiar household clocks that run on alternating current. Nor is the device one which violates the scientists' principle against perpetual motion. The secret is that the new perpetual clock runs by changes of air pressure. Every few days the air pressure rises a fraction of an inch or so and then falls again a day or so later. The force of these changes is stored by the clock so that the springs which keep it moving are kept wound automatically, presumably forever.

And finally, to complete a partial list of science's services in 1932 to man's health, his comfort, his freedom from annoying pests and his convenience in finding out what time it is, British experts attached to the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research found out why it is that so many shirts or other cloth articles which are striped in bright colors wear out more quickly in the laundry than white shirts or shirts of one color. It was noticed that the breaks or tears usually followed the stripes. The trouble is that some of the common dyes previously used to color these stripes happened to have a previously unknown chemical reaction with the weak chlorine water often used in laundries both as a germ killer and a bleaching agent to make the white parts of clothes pure white. This reaction damaged the cloth. Now shirtmakers are using different dyes, which do not react thus with the chlorine, and striped shirts ought to wear just as long as any other kind.



In Paris Inventors Have Perfected a Talking Clock Which Answers the Telephone When Anyone Calls Up and Repeats Words Indicating Exactly What Time It Is. Perhaps Some Day Some Lonely French Girl Will Fall in Love With the Synthetic Voice of the Talking Clock and Will Call Up Every Little While All Night Just to Hear the Dulcet Tones of Her Mechanical Boy Friend.

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Rich Mr. Jelke Thought Divorce An Economy, But—

The Judge Called It a "Luxury" and Now He Must Pay His Wife's Expenses (Including Wine and Cigarettes) While She Goes Snooping Over Europe For Evidence Against Him

Mr. Jelke's Speedboat—He Liked Speed, but Not the Speed With Which His Wife Spent His Money.

Mrs. Jelke Explaining, Perhaps, Why Her Husband Should Pay $15,000 to Her for Her Expenses Abroad While She Hunts "The Evidence Against Him"—But the Court Thought She Could Get Along Very Well on $1,500.

MR. F. FRAZIER JELKE, eminent society man of Newport and New York, like most millionaires, was affected by the depression. Therefore, he had to sit down with pencil and paper and balance his budget by economies.

It was the same problem and exactly what everyone else was doing all over the country, except that his was on a much bigger scale.

Overshadowing all others, there loomed an extravagant "overhead." If he could eliminate that one item it would amount to more than all the other economies he could think of put together and balance his budget nicely. But was this expense a luxury or a necessity?

It was a delicate question because the item was Mr. Jelke's beautiful young wife, Eugenia, whom he used to call "Neenie" in the honeymoon days. His reasons for thinking her a luxury, which he could get along nicely without, were stated in his divorce suit, at Providence, Rhode Island, where he accused "Neenie" of "desertion, gross misbehavior and wickedness." If these charges were true any man might reasonably be glad to give her up, even if it hadn't been Lent and the depression.

So Mr. Jelke thought himself justified in publishing the conventional notice in the papers, warning all tradesmen that he would not be responsible for his wife's debts. Some wives will forgive being beaten and kicked downstairs, but publicly cutting off their credit turns even the mildest into the wildest. Neenie came right back with a counter suit, charging desertion, cruelty and non-support, for which she was awarded $600 a month temporary alimony. This was not so good as it might have been, because Neenie had asked for $2,000 a month in order to live in the style to which she had been accustomed and to have a war chest to hire enough lawyers to beat her husband's suit.

Having found the court sympathetic, Mrs. Jelke soon came back for more and Mr. Jelke received a jolt when he learned that Neenie had to have $30,000 out of his budget in order to "take a good lawyer to Europe and get the goods on him." Mrs. Jelke sweetly explained to the somewhat astonished Judge Hugh B. Baker that she wanted to get affidavits from bellboys, chambermaids and chauffeurs who, she was quite sure, would be willing to testify to indiscretions which she was confident her husband must have committed in London, Paris, the Riviera or wherever he went.

The itinerary of the proposed trip was submitted to Judge Baker, along with two separate budgets—one for Eugenia and one for the lawyer who was to go with her. The judge peered over his glasses.

"The expenses seem rather high for Mrs. Jelke," he remarked, "but I am glad to note that the lawyer hopes to travel a little more cheaply."

"That is because Mrs. Jelke must travel in the style to which she is accustomed," Attorney George P. Slade hastened to explain.

Mr. Jelke's lawyer was very indignant.

"Why, it's nothing but a wild goose chase," he protested bitterly. "Nobody knows what they are going after. They may never get a thing. It sounds like a holiday. And it certainly is not the regular way of getting depositions."

"But we hope to secure two witnesses in London," declared Mr. Slade, "and in Paris, five, to testify that Mr. Jelke's conduct along the boulevards and on the Riviera was not all that it should have been."

In order to secure these witnesses, the lawyer proposed that Mr. Jelke be ordered to give his wife $15,000. Fifteen thousand more, he said, would keep her lawyers satisfied for awhile.

Eugenia, used to the very best of everything, had got the very finest lawyers she could find, both in New York and Providence. Her Rhode Island lawyers only charged $25 an hour for their services, it seemed, but her New York lawyers were $100-an-hour luminaries. They had already tendered a bill for $15,000 to date, while the Providence lawyers had put in 238 hours on the case and their time was running into money, too.

The harder it was for his wife to get anything on him, the more it was to cost Mr. Jelke. He must not only pay the expenses of his wife and her lawyer on a "snooping trip" to Europe, but it must be done in the extravagant style to which he had accustomed her on the honeymoon.

"H-m-m," said the judge, "the item for wines and cigarettes seems a little high."

At this there were hollow groans of agreement from Mr. Jelke's side of the table. His budget threatened to become as unbalanced as that of any first class power. Being a private citizen, he could not inflate his currency, repudiate his obligations or wriggle out of them in any other convenient manner.

"We will cut that down to $80," said the judge finally.

Murmurs now arose from Neenie's side, at the prospect of having to pay some of the luxuries out of her own pocket, which would be "simply terrible." What the original estimate for her smokes and drinks came to was not made known, but as the judge pared the whole bill down by 90 per cent, presumably it was at least $800. Assuming that Neenie has heard of the petition and is really trying to do it as economically as possible, one wonders how much it would cost if she wasn't trying to be careful.

"Do you really believe this European trip to be quite necessary?" the judge asked Mr. Slade.

"This will be a hard-fought case, Your Honor," replied the lawyer, "and the respondent must be prepared. We are not trying to run up a large bill. We want to be fair and reasonable."

"And you ask $30,000!" exploded the opposing counsel. "I never heard of such a thing! You've got nothing definite at all, and you want to go tooting all over Europe to see what you can find."

"Mr. Jelke," said the court, "has charged his wife with as serious charges as anyone can make, and she is entitled to funds with which to defend herself if she can. If the petitioner wants the luxury of a divorce and the respondent is without funds, the petitioner must pay for it. But we should act within reasonable limits."

Then he ordered Mr. Jelke to pay $3,000—$1,500 for the European jaunt and $1,500 on account for Mrs. Jelke's lawyers. He will be permitted to make the payments in three instalments.

But even the fact that Mr. Jelke will only have to pay one-tenth of what his wife asked is making a lot of people ask themselves just how involved the modern matrimonial-alimony-divorce expense is getting to be.

If divorce is a luxury, why isn't there a luxury tax on it, as on radios and lipsticks? Evidently it is a luxury only for husbands, because wives pay no income tax on their alimony. Financially, it seems that a husband had better be indiscreet right in his own home town and confess it, or his wife may "bust" him in her expensive search for evidence. If he hasn't been indiscreet at all, so much the worse for him, because that justifies his wife in seeing the world at his expense, to make sure.

Neenie's next step was to get the court to make her husband strike that word "wickedness" out of his complaint. In this "bad-and-glad-of-it" age, husbands and wives have grown quite callous to charges that would have driven their mothers to suicide. But "wickedness" was a new one, arousing so much curiosity that Neenie's friends kept pestering her to know what it meant.

Mrs. Jelke is the daughter of A. H. Woodward, wealthy iron manufacturer of Birmingham, Alabama, and niece of the late Senator Oscar W. Underwood, several times candidate for the Presidential nomination. She also has been on a trip to Europe all alone. But her husband cannot make her pay his expenses on a similar investigating trip. A wife is always innocent until proved guilty, but it looks as if a husband is guilty until proved innocent, or at least until his money is all gone and then nobody cares.

Mr. Jelke is the head of a Wall Street brokerage house and was 52 years old, just twice Eugenia's age, when he married her, in 1930. The Jelkes' matrimonial troubles started even before they got to the altar. They had a row just before the first date set for the happy event and Neenie handed her elderly fiance back his $33,000 engagement ring. This pained and surprised Mr. Jelke, who caused even greater grief and astonishment when he tried to hand it back to the Fifth Avenue jeweler who had sold it to him. Someone, possibly the jeweler, acted as peacemaker and the ring went back to the lovely finger for keeps.

They were duly married at historic Woodlawn, the home of Mrs. Oscar Underwood in Fairfax County, Virginia. Woodlawn was once owned by George Washington and was presented as a wedding gift to his ward, Nellie Custis, granddaughter of Martha Curtis Washington. Trouble promptly followed the Jelke marriage.

Neenie felt far more at home with the younger crowd she had run with before she met Mr. Jelke, while she was a student at the fashionable Foxcroft School in New York, and shortly afterward. F. Bartholomay Jelke, her husband's son, was more of an age with her, and he and Eugenia and Bartholomay's wife, the former Marjorie McVickar, were great pals before Eugenia and her husband began to quarrel.

Then Neenie decided it would be a good idea for her to take a trip somewhere alone.

"Frazier insisted that I take a car and chauffeur," she said, "and he reserved a double cabin for me on the Ile de France.'

He also gave her a $1,800 letter of credit. She went to Paris and to Switzerland, and when she returned to America they had a "second honeymoon." But that apparently didn't take, either.

Shortly afterward it was Mr. Jelke's time to go to Europe alone, and it was on this trip, Eugenia now claims in fighting his divorce suit, that he was "guilty of the indiscretions" of which she hopes to obtain proof with the $1,500 the divorce judge has just awarded her.

In explaining to the court why she could not possibly scrape along on less than $2,000 a month alimony, Neenie listed a few of her "necessary expenses," as follows:

Hotel accommodations, $400 to $450 a month; automobile upkeep, $150; maid and maid's upkeep, $150; food, $250; pin money, $700.

"Then, of course there are clothes," added Eugenia. "It costs a woman between $5,000 and $6,000 a year to be tolerable well dressed. I shop around. I am as thrifty as possible.

At this point a lawyer for Mr. Jelke interrupted to introduce an itemized bill received by his client from a Fifth Avenue shop.

"Stop me if I am wrong," he said, "but didn't you buy these things, Mrs. Jelke? 'One evening gown, six night gowns, twelve slips, twenty-four pairs of stockings, nine dresses, two blouses, six hats, three bags, and one coat trimmed with mink.'"

"Why, yes," said Eugenia. "After all, a woman has to buy clothes once in a while, you know."

The lawyer cleared his throat. "And six days later, from another shop, there is a second bill. Permit me, Mrs. Jelke: 'Thirty-six pairs of stockings, twenty-three pairs of gloves, nine bags, one fitted case, eighteen pairs of shoes, two pajama sets, three pairs of mules, three negligees.' Were these articles yours, Mrs. Jelke?"

She tossed her head. "Yes," she said.

"And you need clothes now?" pursued the lawyer.

"You never can tell," parried the fair witness.

"But you bought another complete wardrobe for your West Indies trip?"

"You don't think clothes last forever, do you?" snapped Eugenia.

"Well, now, Mrs. Jelke, do you mean to tell this court that after all these clothes, you still need more?"

Eugenia smiled. "Why, yes," she chided, "a woman always needs clothes."

Besides her engagement ring, she said, Mr. Jelke bought her as a wedding present a bracelet to match, which cost $10,000. In Paris they spent $12,000 for pictures. Frazier just had to have some new shoes for himself, now that he was "stepping out," and the bootmakers' bill for them, she said, was $500.

Neenie was aghast at such extravagance in a man. Why, that would have been enough to buy a pair of jeweled slippers for a woman. Mr. Jelke was able to square things for the time being by buying his bride $500 worth of perfume. So, in spite of what the judge told him, Mr. Jelke continues to think that a wife is a luxury and a divorce a necessity.

F. Bartholomay Jelke, the Son of Mr. Jelke, and His Attractive Wife, Who Were Great Pals With Young Mrs. Jelke, Sr., Before "Neenie" and Her Elderly Husband Began to Quarrel.

Historic Woodlawn, Where the Jelkes Were Married—But Even Its Historic Association With George Washington and His Romance With the Widow Custis Could Not Keep the Jelke Romance Running Smoothly, It Was Testified, for Longer Than a Few Weeks.

Mr. Jelke and the Notice He Inserted in the Newspapers Warning Everybody That He Would No Longer Pay Mrs. Jelke's Debts.

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NEW HEINZ SOUPS TAKE COUNTRY BY STORM !!

SOME OF THE **57**

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- Beef Broth
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The finest and freshest ingredients—used in abundance by master chefs—that's the secret of "homestyle" flavor and goodness in Heinz Soups. We simmer our soups slowly—in small batches just as you do at home. This "brews in" the rich, nutritious qualities of meats and vegetables—gives Heinz Soups that matchless, hearty savor.

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HEINZ *homemade style* SOUPS

Daughters Sold by Japanese Farmers for $10

---Or a Few Loads of Fertilizer Is the Bargain Price of a Pretty Child; the Abominable Practice Sanctioned by the Laws of Japan, and the Movement to Put a Stop to It

The Farmer's Daughter, After She Has Been Bought by a Licensed Slave Dealer, Is Dressed Up in Fashionable Clothes, Taught to Sing, Dance and Play a Musical Instrument. One of the Thousands of Geisha Girls of Japan.

Girls Being Exhibited in Steel Cages at the "Yoshiwara" So They Cannot Escape or Be Lured Away From Tokio's Notorious "City of Love."

Japanese Farmer Arriving at Ueno Station, Tokio, With His Daughter, to Sell Her for the Best Price He Can Obtain. She Is His Last Possession of Any Marketable Value.

Scene in the "Yoshiwara," Tokio, Known as "Sin Street."

A Country Lass Standing Outside the Ueno Station, Where the Trains Come in From the Northern Farming Areas. This Pathetic Figure Stands Beside All Her Earthly Belongings and Is Waiting for Somebody to Make Her an Offer. Dozens of Country Girls Arrive in the Japanese Cities Each Day to Try to Sell Themselves.

Photograph of a Farmer With Two of His Daughters as They Leave Ueno Station to Find a Purchaser. The Money From the Sale of the Girls Will Be Spent by the Farmer for Fertilizer for His Mulberry Trees.

TOKIO, March 2.

LAST year 41,000 pretty young Japanese girls, mostly farmers' daughters, were sold into what white nations call "white slavery," according to the Women's Patriotic Society which is the Japanese equivalent of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

In other civilized countries the police are supposed to arrest the "white slavers" and set their victims free.

But in Japan the traffic in women has been going on for more than 600 years and is a legitimate business, licensed and regulated by the Government itself. Therefore, it is the victim who is diligently pursued, captured and returned to her master by the Japanese police, whenever one of the girls escapes. Once they have been sold, the law forbids the poor prisoners to leave their prisons, except by police permit, which is not issued to a girl more than once or twice a year.

The girls are sold by their fathers for a term of five to ten years, but the average is six. Before the depression, the usual price was about the equivalent of $2,000, and $3,000 was not too much for an exceptionally attractive maiden. When the women of the United States suddenly stopped buying expensive silks, they little realized that it would cause the price of silk growers' daughters, across the Pacific, to drop from $2,000 to $10; in some cases as low as $5, with $1 down and the balance in instalments. As often happens, good may come out of evil because the situation has become so dreadful that public conscience in Japan has been aroused to do something about the ancient evil.

As 80 per cent of Japan's exports in normal times goes to the United States and most of it is raw silk, when the great American silk mills stopped ordering, the Japanese silk farmer woke up to find that he could hardly give away his silk. For the first year after the Wall Street crash he worried along hoping things would improve.

The second year he again had to sell his silk below cost and was desperate. The average American farmer grows things that he or his animals can eat. The silk farmer grows nothing but mulberry trees which only a silk worm eats, but these must be fertilized as thoroughly as any other crop or the leaves will not nourish the silk worm sufficiently to allow the spinning of first grade silk in the cocoons. Therefore the silk grower had to have fertilizer or he would have no silk to sell when his best customer, Uncle Sam, should rush into the market with big orders as everyone expected would happen most any day.

The farms were already heavily mortgaged, and by this time most of the rural banks had closed. The farmer had to choose between food for the hogs and fertilizer, food for the worm. He chose fertilizer. The trees flourished, the worms gorged themselves, but the farmers' families began to starve. In normal times daughters are an asset to the silk grower. The work of tending the trees and picking the cocoons is light labor suited to women and, as daughters are unpaid help, the more a man had the better. But now they were just unprofitable mouths to feed.

The idea seems to have struck everyone almost at once that the way to get money for fertilizer and food and at the same time reduce the size of the family was to sell some of the surplus daughters to agents in the cities who train the best of them to become the Geishas for which Japan has always been famous, or exploit them much more shamefully.

The expectation was to collect about $2,000 a head. But like the stock market and the silk market, the "white slave" market crashed to unheard of lows and the fathers were lucky to get $10. However, even this wretched sum would buy a load or two of fertilizer for the trees that must be nourished at any cost. The girls went without protest. At least they would have plenty to eat and pretty clothes because unless the girls are well nourished and clothed their masters will make little profit out of them.

Before the depression the agents in the big cities had to send men through the country, dangling money before the eyes of the fathers in order to get enough recruits to fill the demand in the "nightless cities," as the segregated areas are called. But now the supply so exceeds the demand that the girls have to go to the cities and offer themselves for sale.

At the end of the five, six or ten years, which the girl's father has contracted for her to serve, she is supposed to be free to leave and do as she pleases, like any worker whose contract has expired. If the girl's looks are fading or for any other reason, she is disappointing as a revenue producer, she will be unceremoniously ushered out the door, welcome to go home, if she is wanted there, or to make a living as best she can.

If she is still pretty and popular with the customers of the "nightless cities," her master will say that she must stay a year or so longer in order to work out a debt to him which she has incurred for "extras." He will show her a bill for special kimonos and jewelry, which she had worn at his orders, supposing that he had thought it good business to decorate her and never understanding that it must be paid for by further slavery. In this way the girls are usually kept as long as they are profitable.

Throughout the silk districts it is said that the average farmer with three daughters thinks he has done well if he has only sold two. Investigators report that in the Northern districts there are many villages in which every girl young and attractive enough to be saleable had already been sold. In the once prosperous village of Kokumi Montomura in Nishioka there are 700 houses but less than 100 girls in the entire village and most of these "unsaleable."

Fate has recently played an ironical trick on the farmers who sold their daughters. A few months ago cama reports that thrilled the nation. It was said that things were better in the United States. Some 25,000,000 American women would soon be in the stores to buy silk dresses, the silk mills were flooded with orders and soon must order many ship loads of raw silk from here. Whether true or not there was a sudden and violent rise in prices and in Japan they have remained up.

The farmer found he could at last sell his product at a good profit and wanted his daughters back to work for him for nothing as dutiful Japanese daughters do. Off to the agent in the city he hurried ready to repay the sum for which he had sold the girls and willing to add more for their trouble, in order to get back what in Western lands would be considered sadly "damaged goods." To his dismay he learned that the purchase price of a "white slave" girl was the prohibitive sum of $1,000, even though the father had only received $5 for her originally.

The excuse for such extortion was the claim that $1,000 had been spent in training each girl for her "profession." It is true that girls who are sold to the cities are trained for a few months, except those who are exceptionally pretty and of tender years. These are sometimes given a course of two years or more fitting them to appear before patrons at restaurants to serve wine and dance. During this period they are known as "Hangyoku" and it is not till later that they become real Geishas. However, the training expenditure on the average girl is probably nearer $50 than $1,000.

So strong and rich is this ancient traffic that there is no attempt at present to have laws passed making it illegal. The plan fostered by the Women's Patriotic Society is to first undermine it by repealing Article 7, Clause 2, of the Imperial State Ordinances. This provides that members of the "nightless cities" must never step out of their prison-like houses unless unmounted by the authorities or given a special permit from the police.

The "slavers" replied with furious protests and one serious threat. They said boldly that if their girls are thus set free to come and go as they please, they will not only permit but force them to solicit men on the streets everywhere, something that is almost unknown in Japan today. Public opinion, however, seems so thoroughly aroused that the bill will probably pass.

This will disarm the masters of their best weapon of subjection. They can no longer set the police to running down a fugitive girl nor prevent her running away any time she pleases. This, it is hoped, will disorganize the entire system. At present the girls are held as prisoners, with the authority of the law, and if one does manage to get out, she is a law breaker whom the police hunt like a criminal. When she is brought back, her master has the power to put her through a period of physical punishment, calculated to make her never dare try it again.

Meanwhile the Japanese Women's Patriotic Society has been spreading the slogan: "Don't Sell Your Daughters Into Slavery." Recently it raised $15,000 with which it offered to loan 100 yen (about $25.) without interest to farmers and fishermen for each daughter instead of selling them. Besides this, the Society agreed to take charge of the girls and find employment for them for five years. But this money was only enough to save about 600 girls. It was used up so fast that in the words of one of the Society's officials: "It vanished like a drop of water on a red hot stove."

In the city of Tokio alone there are 210 licensed dealers in girls, agents who buy them like cattle from the parents and turn them over to the men who run the houses of the "nightless cities" on a commission basis. What the girls earn for their masters may be estimated from an official report made for Tokio, last year. Its figures showed that 6,794 girls entertained 4,014,000 customers during the year and earned 10,039,994 yen (about $2,500,000 even at the old rate) even up to one precisted pa's ol' day and f licious thing

There is n an older d k is a truly "an whirl proposition. he restaurant slaves always to strive for because it means a handsome profit to him. Frequently a wealthy patron takes such a fancy to a girl that he wants her for himself exclusively. This can be arranged by buying her outright, which means paying her first cost, her training expenses, her bill of extras, all outrageously inflated, and, on top of that, at least a 100 per cent profit on the total sum.

Very rich customers are accustomed to paying $10,000 for a girl and sometimes as high as $50,000. The girl is then taken into the household of the purchaser where she occupies the position of concubine, a social peculiarity of Oriental people and not accepted in the West.

In a rich man's home, it is a life of ease and luxury, waited on by attentive servants, and while it lasts, even the wife and other members of the family must treat her with respect, almost as equals. But any day, it may end. The man may give her a little money or he may not, as he politely opens the door for her exit out of his life. The Japanese think that men should pay at the beginning of such affairs, when they are interested and not at the end when they are bored. The life of a dismissed concubine is precarious indeed.

Early last September the police of Osaka found the body of a woman, twenty-seven years old, slender and still beautiful, floating in the Awabori River. She was soon identified as Fusae Yagi, until recently concubine of an important member of the Konoike family, one of the wealthiest in Japan. Questioned as to possible motives for the suicide, the family were uncommunicative and could only suggest that it might be due to a nervous breakdown.

Investigation revealed a typical case. Fusae, after completing her elementary schooling, had such lovely form and features besides such charm of manner and disposition that she attracted the attention of one of the Geisha agents. The father had no intention of selling his daughter, but the agent shrewdly played on the cupidity of both parents, suggesting the various luxuries they could buy with this easy money and finally he got her, though at a rather fancy price. She was trained and at the age of seventeen became a full fledged Geisha girl. Soon she entertained a youthful member of the Konoike family who became so infatuated that he bought her out at one of the highest prices paid that year.

For a decade she lived as his concubine and during that time had the misfortune to fall in love with the man and imagine that he felt the same way toward her. By the end of the tenth year, however, young Konoike had lost most of his interest. Fusae did not realize this until after she had fallen ill and the doctor had told them that she would be an invalid for many months and require much expensive treatment.

The scion of the Konoike family thought it over and made a frank statement. He was a young man, he hated invalids, he was tired anyway, he had paid a fabulous price, [illegible] the first place—more than any [illegible] ional preacher worth—he had got [illegible] ess to a hen, by you beautiful crea ture!'

And the bird, just for that,
Laid two eggs in his hat.
Thus did the hen reward Beecher."

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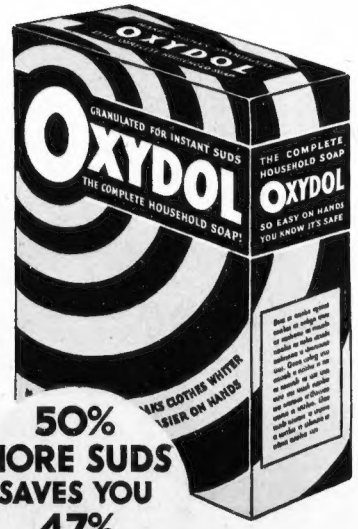
MRS. DREAR AND MRS. CHEER

MRS. DREAR: Mercy me, Cousin Sue and her family will be here tomorrow, and I just dread to see 'em come; it means so much extra washing and all.

MRS. CHEER: *Stuff and nonsense. Life wouldn't be worth living if we didn't have some of our own kin to visit back and forth with. As for the extra washing, there's no soap like Oxydol to make short work of that for you.*



50% MORE SUDS SAVES YOU 47% OF THE WORK

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

HERE'S the soap you've been looking for—Oxydol! Its richer, speedier suds make the whitest, cleanest, sweetest-smelling clothes you ever saw.

It seems amazing that a soap could rout the dirt out of things so quickly and be kind to hands, too. But you'll discover the reason the moment you try Oxydol.

The secret is SUDS. Oxydol makes *50% more suds* in any water, hard or soft, hot or cold. A soap that makes such plentiful suds can be mild and still lift out the dirt speedily and thoroughly. Oxydol makes your work easier because its extra suds do more of the hard work *for* you.

And there's nothing like Oxydol for washing dishes. China and glassware come out spick-and-span—gleaming with cleanliness in a jiffy. And Oxydol dissolves instantly—never balls up or leaves a scum. Oxydol saves money as well as time and work—it gives you *50% more suds for your money!*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

LET OXYDOL DO THE WORK

The Duck That Laid 369 Eggs In 365 Days

"Lady Victorine," the Champion Hen, Laid 358 Eggs in a Year, Taking Only 7 Days Off, But Khaki-Campbell-Clarke, the Australian Duck, Beats Her by Working Every Day and Doing Double Duty on 4

The Average Six-Year-Old American Boy Weighs 45 Pounds. Exactly the Weight of the Champion Hen "Lady Victorine's 358 Eggs—But Duck Khaki-Campbell-Clarke's 369 Eggs Weighed 57 Pounds and Would Tip the Balance as Shown by the Diagram.

A Farm of White Ducks Whose Daily Egg Output Exceeds That of a Similar Sized Chicken Yard.

ROOSTERS may still crow and hens cackle but it won't mean much any more because the duck is now queen of the barnyard.

The world's egg-laying record has not only been broken but, as far as the hen's hopes of ever equalling it are concerned, it has been ruined for a long and perhaps all time.

Farmers and chicken fanciers over the civilized world have followed the thrilling race among thoroughbred hens to achieve the final and perfect record of one egg per day for every day in the year. "Hanson's Pride No. 8," the Oregon wonder-hen, laid 344 eggs in 365 days and was bought by the Japanese Government. "Lady Victorine," British Columbia's egg-laying machine, beat this by delivering 358 eggs in 365 days. She is still the champion hen.

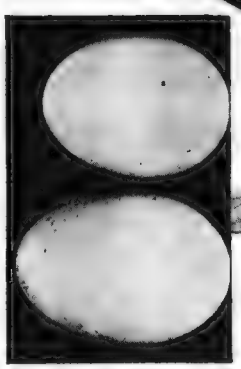
"Lady Victorine" had worked every day in the year except seven. Out of the 52 weeks, she had taken only one for vacation and therefore she was only one fifty-second away from the ultimate 100 per cent perfection of 365 eggs per year. From this closeness everyone interested in poultry realised that any morning they were likely to read that some hen had done it.

And now, just as everyone was ready to cheer for the greatest hen of all time, a duck, way down in Australia, waddled up from the pond, "chiseled into" the competition and put an end to it. Her name is "Khaki-Campbell Clarke," and not content with going the theoretical limit of 365 eggs in a year, she threw in four more, making it 369, and it was not a leap-year either.

The duck does not cheat on size, weight or nutritive values because these are all higher than in the product of the hen. Nevertheless "Quack!" is not the last word on the argument by any means. Before the farmer "fires" the hen and gives Mrs. Duck the job of supplying eggs for the table, she will have to change the flavor of her goods or the rest of the egg-eating public will have to learn to like the rather strong duck taste, as they do in China.

The new world's record holder is of a breed recently developed by a man named Campbell, of England, whose ducks were prolific layers from the start. The Khaki part of the champion's name comes from her modest, dull-brown color, like a service uniform. This 369-egg wonder-duck was bred by a Mr. W. E. Clarke of the Glen Oak Poultry Farm, Mornington, Victoria. She made her world's record in the Commonwealth and New Zealand test at Melbourne, Australia, and no less an authority than Prof. E. A. Lloyd of British Columbia University states that it is official and authentic. He also says:

"That this is no freak duck, and her performance 'a flash in the pan,' is indicated by the fact that she was bred 'in the purple,' being from a duck that laid 344 eggs. Furthermore, in her second year of production, she laid 254 eggs in ten months, or a total of 623 eggs in twenty-two months. The astonishing ability of this breed to lay is confirmed in that other ducks, too, have been putting up remarkable performances in Australia.



The Comparative Sizes of the Average Hen's Egg (at Top) and Duck's Egg (At Bottom).

"In New Zealand, a White Indian Runner, called 'Lady Knight,' laid 363 eggs in 365 days.

"On four days the Clarke duck laid two eggs. Thus, with all due respect for the remarkable progress in the egg production of the domestic hen, ducks have a big lead in the race for world honors for individuals. In trios and pens of six birds, averages have been made by ducks of 340 eggs. Three hundred egg birds are very common, and three hundred egg strains are in the making."

Besides having bred the rapid-fire duck that is behind the stream of eggs, the Australians have proved themselves a little smarter than the rest of the world in coaxing the birds to do their best. The land that invented the "Australian ballot," now adopted almost everywhere to insure real privacy in voting, applied the privacy idea to egg-laying contests. Professor Lloyd says:

"How have these breeders of the Southern Hemisphere produced such egg machines? As a matter of fact, they have done it by trap-nesting ducks, as poultry breeders in America have trap-nested hens. The Australian and New Zealand breeders, however, use slightly different technique in a better method. Instead of putting birds through trap-nests where the attendants have to handle them every time they go on the nest, they give each of the birds a small, separate pen and yard, where they have all the feed that they want, and are unmolested by other individuals with whom they do not have to compete for a living or survival. In this way, these breeders give their hens and ducks a much better chance.

"This is called 'single testing,' and is partly responsible for many of the sensational 300-egg records which birds of the Antipodes made many years ago. The perfection of their art has now been reached in managing the little duck, which, while always known as the world's most rapid-growing young animal, has only recently, without any announcement, become the most rapid layer.

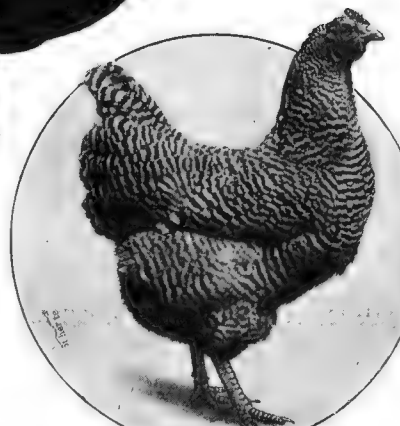
"The potential capacity of such remarkable birds as food producers may better be realized when the yearly aggregate of eggs is considered. Just consider what 369 eggs amount to. These duck's eggs weigh considerably heavier than hen's eggs; for, whereas a good-sized hen's egg weighs about two ounces, duck eggs commonly weigh two and a half ounces. A case of 360 eggs would weigh about fifty-six pounds, or about twelve times the weight of the little duck that laid them. No hen has ever approached such a quantity of production of food in a year."

"Flavor!" answers the hen, to these statistics. It is the only answer she has, but it is a good one.

In richness of nutrients duck eggs compare most favorably with hen's. They contain less water, have just as much protein, are equal in vitamins, and one-third richer in fat. One duck's egg will go almost as far as two ordinary hen's eggs in cakes, pies, etc. In calory value, they compare as 150 to 90.

Here is a marvelous new source of rich and nourishing food available for the whole human race but the hen's answer is still good. A certain number of white people like the flavor of duck eggs and the Chinese consider them a delicacy, especially when "salted" or encased in a specially prepared muddy crust which increases their natural "gaminess." Nobody objects to them when used in cakes and pastry where one duck egg goes almost as far as two hen's eggs but the average white person tastes just one duck egg, boiled, fried, poached or scrambled, and never does it again.

Nobody naturally likes their first taste of tobacco, strong liquors, strong cheeses, olives and many other things that have nevertheless become staples of commerce. Therefore the public might learn to like duck eggs or science learn to breed that flavor out. Until such time, however, the hen need not fear joining the unemployed, and meanwhile the duck is not in danger of being out of work either.



"Lady Victorine," the Champion Hen Whose Record the Australian Duck Beat; This Remarkable Chicken Is a Barred Plymouth Rock, and Weighs 8¾ Pounds.

Khaki-Campbell-Clarke, the Champion Australian Duck Which Laid 369 Eggs in 365 Days. She Weighs Five Pounds and the Photograph Shows Her Actual Size.

Ducks have always in the past been noted for meat rather than egg production. Young ducklings, when hatched, weigh about two ounces each. In 10 to 12 weeks, they often attain 5 to 6 pounds, or multiply their weight 40 to 50 times. These birds are known as "green" ducklings, and are a real delicacy, as their flesh possesses a rich but delicate flavor.

Duck raising for meat purposes is carried out on a huge scale on Long Island and in Massachusetts, where flocks range up as high as 50,000 or 75,000 birds on one farm.

A duck ten or twelve weeks old is ideal for the table and even up to one year is still a tender and delicious thing to eat, but an older duck is a truly dreadful proposition. The restaurant man who serves a tough old duck as "Long Island" ought to be forced to eat one, even if it would be cruel and unusual punishment.

Some people who do not mind the flavor of duck eggs complain that they disagree with their digestion. The trouble seems to be deeper than indigestion. Dr. W. M. Scott, of the British Ministry of Health, recently investigated three cases of acute food-poisoning in London, one of them fatal, which were attributed to a germ known as the aertrycke bacillus, which was traced through the eggs to a flock of ducks. Other flocks were proved to be infected with the Gaertner bacillus which also attacks the human system.

The ovary, fountain head of the duck's egg-laying machinery, was the source of the infection which was bound to invade every egg she laid and the germs are not killed by ordinary methods of egg-cooking. In hens there is exactly the same sort of infection, passed on to the eggs in the form of the bacillus pullorum, but this germ happens not to attack human beings. Dr. Scott thinks that now these dangerous microbes have been located and called to the attention of duck-raisers it should not be difficult to purify the flocks by killing off all those that are found to be carriers of the germs.

Less than twenty years ago even a 300-egg-a-year fowl was not considered a possibility by experts. A hen belonging to the Maine Experimental Station had in her best year produced 251 eggs. This was looked upon as one of those freaks that turn up once in a long while and would probably not be repeated in her descendants. But "Hen No. C 543," of the Oregon Experimental Station soon made history with 291. Nobody bettered this record until 1914, when "Lady McDuff" startled the world by breaking the 300 mark with an output of 302.

Some conservative old poultrymen were still refusing to believe that record when, in 1917, "Maple Ile Wellington," of Los Angeles County raised it to 325. In 1921, "Lady Jewel," an Oregon champion, raised it ten more. "Hanson's Pride's" mother went this two better and then "Hanson's Pride No. 8" boosted the record to 344. There it stood till "Lady Victorine" of British Columbia, came through with her 358 eggs in a year.

As this astounding output weighed about 45 pounds or as much as the average six-year-old boy, many people cannot believe that it is true. What will they think of the Australian duck's score of 369?

If the heroine of that ancient doggeral about the famous Henry Ward Beecher had been a duck instead of a hen, the "two eggs" she laid in his hat would have been no miracle at all. The verse is as follows:

"Once a great Congregational preacher
Said to a hen, 'O, you beautiful creature!'
And the bird just for that,
Laid two eggs in his hat.
Thus did the hen reward Beecher."

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By Lord Montagu's Daughter, Who Ran Away to be a Chorus Girl

The Hon. Helen Scott Montagu Reveals Her Interesting Experiences in Living on $12.50 a Week After Being Brought Up in the Pampered Luxury of a Wealthy British Earl's Palace

Lilyan Tashman in an Imitation of Frank Tinney She Was a Member of "The Passing Show" Company With Helen Montagu Before Helen Made Her a Star

The Dolly Sisters as They Appeared at the Time They Attended "Diamond Jim Brady's Party With Lady Helen, and All the Girls Chose Love Cards Worth With Gilded Cages, the Gifts of Mr. Brady.

George Grossmith, Drawn by Himself This Prominent British Theatrical Producer Brought Lady Helen to America With Him of His Companies.

The Clock Tower at the Entrance to Historic Beaulieu Palace, the Montagu Ancestral Home.

Heart Dawn, Whose Lady Helen Calls the Most Beautiful Woman She Ever Saw on Any Stage.

Cute Charming Beauties of The Passing Show in Which Lady Helen Was a Chorus Girl.

By the Hon. Helen Scott Montagu,
Daughter of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

IN ALL the United States I was the only show girl who dreaded the press agent. Every time he put my name and picture in the papers, he ruined me. It was bad enough to say that I was the daughter of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, which was true, but he had to embroider it with fiction about my chauffeur, maids, etc.

I had no chauffeur, because I had no car. The only maids I ever saw were the ones who came into my room in the actors' boarding house to make my bed, make a pretence of dusting and a sincere effort to read my letters. Yet every day at the theatre I rubbed elbows and crossed shins with showgirls who had all these things, and they were daughters of blacksmiths and shoe clerks.

Every time the press man did that cruel thing to me I had to go to the most expensive hotel in the town for a few days and give interviews. After one such occasion a reporter caught me in the act of trying to balance my budget by eating a ten-cent meal in a very humble high-stool lunch room. His story said something about the wealthy and eccentric daughter of a peer who ate dough nuts and buttermilk, just like a poor chorus girl. He was right—just exactly.

Surprised as I was to see my dressing room mates receiving sables and automobiles as tokens of admiration from their "boy friends," I shocked the girls even more by refusing any gift more valuable than flowers, candy or perfume. Like my chorus friends in England, they called me a fool. I have heard that so often from all walks of society that it must be unanimous.

How they laughed when I said that I would never accept anything that I did not earn by strictly business methods. They told that story around so much that a very rich and powerful business man heard of it and I got such an offer. It was a big offer, strictly business, no sentiment, and not, oh, dear, wait till I tell you.

The big business man's name was Tolliver and he was introduced to me by a banker who happened just then to be an intimate friend of [illegible] Tolliver" girl. He assured me that Tolliver was a very substantial and wealthy importer who would offer me a handsome business proposition if I united him. The banker's deferential attitude proved that he was a financial heavyweight and his car and manner bore this out.

We dined at the Ritz, where another man joined us, a rather low-class Englishman, who looked unhappy in his evidently rented dress suit. I soon saw from my countryman's questions that he was there to find out for the great man whether I was a really and truly daughter of a peer and knew the right people and all that. The fellow was annoying but easy to satisfy and when he finally excused himself, Mr. Tolliver came right down to business as big men do.

How would $10,000 a year guarantee and commission (not ought to double it and also expenses, to represent me in England suit you?" he asked. "I'll be glad to have you keep right on with your stage work, too, but not outside the British Isles."

"That will be splendid," I said, "but what is your business?"

"I am a bootlegger," he replied, unable to hide the pride in his voice, "one of the biggest in the business, as our friend the banker will tell you. What I need is somebody in England who can get to the right people and buy right for me, somebody just like you who can get her knees under the table with Sir Douglas Haig any old time and talk turkey to him. Why, I am in a position to sell every drop they make."

When, for the twentieth time, I repeated that it would be impossible, he, too, informed me from his very heart that I was a fool. Tolliver argued that there was nothing wrong in violating the Volstead Act, and claimed that it was meant to be violated. It was the most profitable law ever invented, and had created a new industry. To prove that there was no evil in bootlegging he stated that the internal revenue inspectors went over his books every year to make sure that the Government got its income tax on every case that he handled.

One thing puzzled me for a while in America. The American man's respect for women is devout, almost amounts to worship. In fact, the American wife has all the rights and privileges and few duties or responsibilities. The American leisure class is women, which is as it should be. In spite of all this, women of the stage are held in much lower esteem than in England.

The reason seems to lie in the different systems. In Europe an actress must serve her apprenticeship and really learn the profession before anyone would think of starring her. On the American stage it is different. Any handsome young man or woman, with charm and stage presence, may become a star before learning so much as how to sit down or to reach the back rows without yelling.

It was bad enough to have the natives feel that way but when Englishmen followed suit it made me a bit angry. One night at the Winter Garden I recognized by sight Lord B——, an English viscount. He was staring at me but without recognition, for we had not met since I was ten years old, and so when he was brought back stage we played a little trick on him. He thought he was being introduced to Miss Cecil of Bangor, Maine, which I have since learned is quite a center of culture and aristocracy.

Lord B—— was supposed that we go to a certain cabaret on Broadway for supper. He made himself my companion, and I started to talk with a dreadful nasal accent and to sum up all the slang I had learnt since arriving in New York. I could see that he had not the remotest notion of who I was, and after ordering supper, he asked me if I had ever been in England.

"Yep. I been across the pond quite a lot," I drawled. "I like it'l ole England some. But say, lord, ain't your women-folk a slow crowd alongside ours? They not do pep, have they now, lord?"

"E——er—er, perhaps you're right," he replied. "Er—by the way, one doesn't address anyone as 'lord,' you know. It's either 'Lord So-and-So' or 'my lord.' Hope you don't mind my telling you, do you, but your address sounded rather like—well, like a bally prawn."

Say now, I take it as real kind of you to put me wise," I answered. "I'll say 'my lord,' shall I?"

"Oh, no; for heaven's sake, don't. That's only for servants. Call me Dicky if you want to call me anything."

I grinned. "But say, that's like a canary. That isn't a real name, is it?" He was beginning to get a trifle put out as he said, "Yes, it's my Christian name. Short for Richard, you know."

I led the conversation round to people who were mutual friends of my family and his, pretending that I had met some of them when I was in London. Then, by easy stages, I got up to introducing my own name. I felt it was all like one of those stories one reads in a magazine, where a girl pretends to be of a different class to that to which she belongs, and I had no end of amusement.

"Someone told me that this Montagu girl had cut out the society business and come into ours," I said. "I did hear she was in the States. Do you know her, Dicky bird?"

"I did know her," he remarked. "But I haven't seen her since we were kids. And I didn't know she had come to America."

Poor Dicky! I kept my former friend running on till we rose to go home. He saw me to my apartment in a taxi, and evidently, as an American actress, I had favorably impressed him, for he asked me to "come to tea" with him next afternoon.

"Come to tea?" I repeated. "But, say, what do you mean? We drink tea here just when we get up in the morning. Oh, of course, I forgot: you drink tea and eat buns at five o'clock in England. But where can we get it in New York?"

"Why, we can get it at my hotel," he said. "They give tea in English fashion there if one asks for it."

It was then that I dropped my "American accent" and spoke in my natural manner.

"Never mind about the hotel, old boy," I said. "You come along here tomorrow and I'll give you tea, and buttered toast, and something like scones and jam. Just like T——, eh, old boy?" (I named ha ancestral place in one of the home counties, where I had gone as his sister's friend as a child.)

He stared. "But, great Scot, why, you sound English. And how do you know about T——— and buttered toast and scones, and—I say, who the devil are you?"

"Fi, Dicky—what language!" I reproved him. "I'm just one of those English girls who happens to have a little bit of pep. In fact, my lord, my name is Helen Montagu, and my home is at Beaulieu."

Poor B——, he showed signs of shellshock. I am told that he confesses having been upset three times in his life—twice during the war, and that my little prank was the third and worst. He is an earl now.

Somehow my encounter with Lord B—— reminded me of my first meeting with Mr Seymour Hicks, another distinguished British gentleman. They were so different. Mr. Hicks, who is one of England's greatest producers, was putting on shows at Wyndham's Theatre, in London, when I first struck that town determined on a theatrical career. I had a letter of introduction to Mr. Hicks, but had been pretty well discouraged by my friends, Marie Studholme and Denise Orme (now Lady Churston), although Denise relented finally and helped me get started.

These young ladies, although prominent actresses, were also received in the most exclusive British circles, and I knew them socially. I had naturally confided to them my ambitions to go on the stage, and they arranged the letter of introduction to Mr. Hicks, but warned me that I was facing an ordeal. I had no idea what an ordeal I was up against, although now that I have faced similar ordeals before Flo Ziegfeld and Jake Shubert, I can look back with some amusement at my experience.

In an empty, darkened auditorium, the stage merely a bare floor surrounded by whitewashed walls, with a piano for an orchestra and a group of frightened girls in ordinary street costume waiting to be heard, I saw a new aspect of the theatre. The trials themselves were even more disillusioning.

One girl after another in rapid fire precision was called in the piano and asked to sing. The pianist would strike off a few bars, the girl would warble a few notes, and before she had got fairly started the director would say, "That's enough. Next girl, please," and the aspirant would be shooed off the stage with a mumbled remark, "We'll send you a card and let you know."

This happened to me, but I was determined to get on the stage, and eventually did through studying under Herbert Beerbohm Tree, as I have already related. A considerable part of every chorus girl's life is spent in looking for a job, and certainly I am no exception. I can remember only once when a job came looking for me.

It was on one of my periodic returns to England to visit my family at Beaulieu. This time my family persuaded me to give up the stage, and I went to London to do some other kind of work. But after several vain attempts to get suitable work, I had an offer from Mr. C. B. Cochran to join his revue at the Comedy Theatre, entitled "The Half-Past-Eight Revue," and I did.

In this show the two stars were Yvonne Granville, who, to my way of thinking, was as good as Delysia, and La Belle Leonora, who was a very famous Parisian dancer. There was also Mabel Russell, who is now the Hon. Mrs. Hylton Phillipson and one of the few woman members of Parliament, and Margot Erskine, who is now Mrs. Arthur Bendir, wife of the famous chief of Ladbroke's, the big turf accountants.

On the opening night of the "Half-Past-Eight Revue" Lord Ardmore of Yvonne Granville and La Belle Leonora vied with each other for the honor of showering the most flowers upon these two stars. I have never seen such a mass of flowers and presents. Yvonne, I remember, had a beautiful Chinese garden sent to her, and in one of the little trees that was growing hung a beautiful diamond ring. La Belle Leonora was given a magnificent bunch of roses, the smell of which perfumed the back of the stage for several days, and inside the petals of one of the roses was an exquisitely beautiful diamond brooch.

I soon tired of London and found myself back in New York in "The Century Girl," a stupendous spectacle, under the joint management of Flo Ziegfeld and Charles Dillingham. This time I went to New York "on my own." The first time, it will be remembered, I was taken over by Mr. George Grossmith in his "Tonight's the Night" company.

The principals in "The Century Girl" were Miss Elsie Janis and Miss Hazel Dawn, who was, I think, the most beautiful woman I have ever seen on the stage, either in this country or any other. She later played a leading part in the "Balkan Princess" in London, and became a great favorite of the English people.

About this time, too, I met Imogene Wilson, who was nicknamed "Bubbles," and was the cause of the scandal that arose about her connection with Frank Tinney. She is now renamed Mary Nolan, and still constantly in trouble over one thing or another. She was always, to me, a very attractive little girl, with a great personality. She is one of those unfortunate people, however, who invariably get themselves notorious, rather than famous, usually through no fault of their own, possibly she might be a little indiscreet, but she is a very good-hearted, generous type of girl.

It was out of "The Century Girl" that David Belasco picked Lilyan Tashman to take the place of the vamp in his famous show, "Gold Diggers." Lilyan's personality was just exactly right for the part—not that I mean that she herself was a gold-digging vamp, but her appearance and her slightly husky American voice fitted in with the part to perfection. It was in this play that she made her name, and it was through it that she afterwards became a famous film star.

"The Century Girl" contained so many pretty girls that the "stage-door Johns" were a great problem. The beauties were nightly besieged by men of all ages, the gilded youths of the city and their wealthy fathers and even grandfathers.

Girls of good family in America are allowed so much freedom that the young men can enjoy a free and easy bohemian time right with girls of their own set and are less tempted to pursue the girls of the thea[illegible] to the middle-aged and elderly men who frequent the stage door in the States. They are men who work very hard making money all day, and they become blase and cynical, and seek some new form of diversion which they cannot find in their own circles.

Hence they drift to the theatre and they are not, on the whole, a pleasant type. They regard actresses as women who esteem one thing only—money. And so they have brought about the present greed and rapacity which undoubtedly exists to a far greater extent in America than in England, where there are plenty of girls who love their art for its own sake and the sake of a mere livelihood.

I have had plenty of experience with the celebrated Tired Business Man whose tiredness seemed to me to come not from his few hours a day in the office but from sitting up all night at cabarets and from his overexercising Saturdays and Sundays on the golf course. If the American business man worked as hard as he thinks he does there would not be any business left for the rest of the world. He would do it all.

I remember one T. B. M. who cheerfully took it for granted that I was a gold-digger and, like the bootlegger, got right down to business. He may have been married or he may not. His was the usual metropolitan reticence on this subject and it is the height of bad manners for a girl to inquire. We had no more than seated ourselves at our table when he unloosened a wad of bills and said:

"Say, listen, Kid, quit your gold-digging I'll finance this man to twenty dollars and that's my limit. Now, with that in mind, take a peek at the bill of fare."

That meal was not a success, neither as far as he was concerned nor myself. I pointed out to him that I was hungry and would order just what my hunger demanded. If his resources would not meet the check I would be pleased to assist him.

"Then what follows after?" he asked.

I told him I was going home to rest alone in my apartment. As for himself, the entire amusements of New York were at his disposal and—this rather pointedly—that I should not in the slightest degree stand in the way of his fullest enjoyment of them.

We parted never to see each other again.

Most gold-digging is not done because the diggers need the money but simply a matter of pride, which no man can seem to understand. Girls with more money than they need will go to great lengths just to prove to themselves and their chorus friends that they, too, have the power of swindling the susceptible male.

There was a dear little brunette friend of mine who worked with me at the Winter Garden. She was ambitious, lived with her mother and joined the stage purely as an artistic outlet. Her family was prosperous and denied her nothing, and yet she was obsessed with dressing-room talk of the beautiful presents that could be gotten from men without any return, provided the young lady was smart.

"She got in touch with a T. B. M. (Tired Business Man)—a man old enough to be her father. He took her out to lunch, and she inveigled him to buy her a $500 diamond bracelet. At the luncheon he placed it on her wrist. She took off her hat and left her bag on the table and then excused herself for a minute. He naturally thought that she would only be away for a few moments. But the seconds changed to minutes, and the minutes toted up to three-quarters of an hour. The lunch was cold and the iced champagne was warming before the old fool ventured he had been stung."

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Hence they drift to the theatre and they are

Continued on Page 20

I'LL FIX THAT IN A JIFFY
WITH THIS NEW, EASY-TO-USE PLASTIC WOOD

HANDLES LIKE PUTTY . . . MOLDS NAILS AND SCREWS BETTER THAN PLASTER, TILE OR NATURAL WOOD . . . PLUGS HOLES SO YOU CAN'T SEE THEM...TRY IT!

Now the quickest, easiest and by far the most inexpensive way to expertly mend breaks in furniture, hide nicks, seal cracks and plug up holes in plaster, tile or wood so they'll never be seen—is to use Plastic Wood Results will surprise you.

This amazing compound handles just like putty and quickly hardens into wood—waterproof, weatherproof wood that takes and holds nails and screws even better than natural wood. You can carve it, paint it, turn it in a lathe Plastic Wood is as easy to use as ordinary glue—anyone can obtain perfect results with it. Keep a can or tube of it handy. Available in 9 colors. Sold by all paint, hardware and department stores.

TO PLUG UP HOLES, SEAL CRACKS
PLASTIC WOOD
HOLDS NAILS AND SCREWS FIRMLY

FIRST DROP
STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

Drop FREEZONE on that aching corn. Instantly it stops hurting; then shortly you lift the corn right off with the fingers. You'll laugh, really! It is so easy and doesn't hurt one bit. Works like a charm, every time

A tiny bottle of FREEZONE costs only a few cents at any drug store, and is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, and callouses. Try it!

FREEZONE

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field

Have Whiter Cleaner Teeth
Use Toothpaste that Gets Results —You Can See

MONDAY
THERE GOES SALLY. SMART CLOTHES—PLENTY OF IT—BUT SHE DOESN'T CLICK
IT'S HER DINGY TEETH. NO MAN LIKES TO LOOK AT THEM
TUESDAY
SEE SALLY TODAY? SHE'S IMPROVING.. HER TEETH ARE MUCH WHITER
BOY, HAVE I'VE GOT A DATE WITH HER TOMORROW NIGHT
WEDNESDAY
YOU'VE GOT THE MOST GORGEOUS TEETH I'VE EVER SEEN. DON'T EVER STOP SMILING!
FLATTERER. SAY IT AGAIN!

QUICKEST WAY TO WHITEN TEETH

START brushing your teeth with Kolynos. In just a few days they'll look whiter—shades whiter. They'll feel much cleaner. Here's the reason: Kolynos does what ordinary toothpastes can't do. As it cleans up ugly stain and tarnish—it foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs that are the known cause of most tooth and gum troubles. Thus Kolynos gives RESULTS YOU CAN SEE. Cleaner, whiter teeth Healthier looking gums. Give up incompetent ways of brushing and start using the Kolynos technique—a half-inch of this remarkable dental cream on a dry brush twice a day. It's the better, quicker way to cleaner, whiter teeth—try it.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

BIG TIME By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Front Page)

"I can't understand it—we never scared he."

"It amounts to a disease with her. She was trembling like a leaf; but se minute she heard my voice se was all right. I promised to fix her sled before I went to wo—that's why I'm up."

"And I don't hear a thing," said Ann selfcccusingly.

"I envy youne way you sleep, you muggins," he said, catching her in his arm, mussing the freshness of heunk print dress

Ann purred ainst his cheek. Roger, contrary she traditional husband, was lazily in a loving mood in the morngs. It was a pleasant memory h her to carry through the day. "You're a humbug," she said affeonately

"My, but you're rrretty this morning; new dress'n it?"

"Like it?" Ann pnetted coquettishly before Roy holding up the sides of her wa with dainty fingers, exposing pair of trim, shapely legs

"Both of them," rinned Roger, lunging for her an, but Ann dexterously evaded outstretched arms.

"Made by the modistes the House of Trent," she saidsuntly. "And don't you getash with the new maid. Comito the kitchen and she'll serythe master's breakfast."

Roger primly obeyed, seg himself at the lacquered oris table—spread with brightly ored oilcloth doilies. He a Ann always played little ga of farce when they were in h humor; a habit begun by Ann their first years of married h when cares had threatened swamp their frail bark. thought now what a brave ture it had been. And how Ann. Catching her off guard, pulled her down into his lap

"You are a darling, Ann."

It was pleasantly warm in small, cozy kitchen. The sm of perking coffee and the feel Roger's old robe against cheek gave Ann a sense of curity and well being. She laxed and let him love her little

"It's nice to make love to wife before breakfast," he clared, rubbing his unshav cheek against hers. "I think get up an hour earlier eve morning."

"No you don't, Mr. Trent said Ann, emphatically, pushe up from him. "You need th hour's sleep so you'll be fre and keen at the bank. One these days," she predicted, "Starr Trust Company is going wake up and give you an opportunity that will land you whe you'll have hours every day make love to your wife."

"Ambitious little Ann," e said, indulgently

"Roger, when do you thin they ever will?"

Roger moved uncomfortably "The old man is talking abot raising everyone ten per cent to first of July," he offered, reluctantly. He hadn't wanted to tell Ann that until he was sure, but he hadn't the heart not to give her some hope this morning.

"Oh, I hope he means it." Her face glowed with excited expectancy and with a facetious bow she inquired, "Shall we have a plunge in the ocean before we breakfast on the terrace? These Florida mornings are so long."

He shivered. "Don't. Ann! Ten above zero outside—and you speak of Florida and the ocean!"

"Florida and the ocean, darling," she repeated wilfully—exhilarated by his news. She spread his napkin and buttered his toast and served his poached egg piping hot; a ritual she had performed, with variations of the egg, every morning for ten years.

"Muggins," he said appreciatively.

The lusty bellowings of another newsboy broke the clear Winter air, penetrating to the kitchen where they sat.

"Early for an extra," Roger said and listened trying to catch a word of the news, "must be important." He shoved his chair back and went to the door to hail the boy. When he returned, he was slightly pale and his face wore a strangely shocked expression

"The boss, Ann; Mark Starr—he's dead," he said.

He dropped into a chair, devouring the details while Ann read over his shoulder:

MARK STARR DEAD
Mt. Jovite's Great Benefactor
Victim of Heart Disease

Roger passed his hand in a dazed fashion over his brow

"Don't look so cut up about it, Roger," said Ann, alarmed by his lost expression.

"It's so sudden, Ann. Besides—the raise—" he said dully—"we probably won't get it now. It was only his idea."

Ann walked abruptly to the door and looked out the upper pane on a world palely emerging from the long Winter night. Bitterness filled her. They had hoped so long for just a little more money. She winked back the tears in a faint surge of rage.

"He was a grand old fellow," Roger was saying.

"Grand," said Ann suddenly, belligerently, turning a tragic strained face to him. "Grand to himself, yes. Grand to the city—because it meant millions in profit to him. In what other way was he grand? What thing has he ever done for you?"

"He wasn't so bad, Ann. He saw that I got a raise when I went to him for a loan," Roger defended him—"the time Babs was sick so long."

"You got a raise, yes. The raise you should have had years before, that would have kept you out of debt had you got it when you should have."

"Why, Ann! I never heard you talk so."

"Oh, don't look surprised, Roger. Because I've never said things doesn't mean I haven't been thinking them. I can't help thinking them. For ten years you've slaved in that bank early and late—worked in every department—pored over tedious ledgers at home, hoping some one would notice and advance you. Did they? You started as transit clerk at fifty dollars a month in 1914. It's '24 now and you're a teller at one-hundred and sixty. You don't owe Mark Starr a thing."

"Why Ann!" was all Roger could find to say.

"I'm sick of it, Roger," she went on vehemently. "Sick of their making a machine of you, sick of their ordering you to work holidays and nights and any old time they want to. And I'm sick of your standing it. You deserve better, you deserve consideration. We have a future to think of; things that didn't matter when we were twenty, but that count now. You're thirty-one, Roger"

"Ann, dear, you don't understand."

"I understand, Roger, that we're just about at a standstill, that Babs is growing up and that the finishing school and other things we've dreamed of for her are as far off as they were the day she was born."

Roger was bewildered. He had been so secure in the knowledge that he was making Ann happy, that she was content. He had thought that she—like himself—was proud of his advancement at the bank, even though it was slow. Her unexpected rebellion swept his moral props away. His mind groped blindly about, for understanding. What did Ann mean? What else did she want? They had a nice house to live in, good furniture and a car. They were lots better off than the Tyler's next door, why never thought of buying a new piece for the house. He had an unhappy sense of failure toward Ann.

"Ann—Ann, are you accusing me?" he asked in a voice thick with hurt.

Ann made a contrite movement of penitence. "That is the farthest thing from my mind, darling. You've done your share. The ones responsible for promotion are the ones who have failed. But don't you see, dear, if you go on taking what they are willing to hand you, it will always be like this? You must make them see that you are different. It's true about Babs, darling; she's nine. We can't stop her growing up just because we are not ready for it."

"Ann—" Roger's voice held an uncertain note, "you know I want Babs to have everything we can give her, but I'm afraid—you're flying a little high."

"She'll make a beautiful debutante," Ann Said Aloud, Calculating Time, "in seven years."

Ann appraised Roger, point by point—his magnificent physique; broad neat shoulders tapering to a trim waistline, his fine features; almost esthetic in their sensitivity, his keen blue eyes; bluer now because of unspoken

black hair with its one polished wave—before she said decisively:

"Roger, you have brains, your personality is a by-word among your friends and you know banking. It is up to you to see that some of the officials get to know these things about you, too."

Roger took her in his arms. "Dear, there are a hundred men in the bank in my position, there are fifty more who have been there years longer and are more valuable; they are entitled to seniority rights. Besides, Ann," he added when he saw that she was unconvinced, "I wouldn't dare do anything now."

"Why not?"

Roger sighed. It was a prick to his vanity to admit this, but Ann must be made to understand.

"I'll be honest, Ann. Mark Starr made every cent he had. He understood men and poverty and sickness and trouble. He was a man one could go to when one needed help and get it. But this bunch that will step into his shoes is a different breed. They had it dumped on them. They never earned a dollar in their lives; all they've done is spend, and they're high hat. Yes, high hat as the deuce. Why, Dave Starr has been in the bank hundreds of times and he's never so much as looked in my direction. I wouldn't dare do anything now; I've got to see which way the wind blows with the new crowd."

Ann moved restlessly in his arms. "The very idea! A man's having to walk as if he were on eggs after ten years service! It was ridiculous; it was exasperating! Nevertheless, she answered in a more subdued tone. "Don't even think such things, Roger. You're all right. And—" she counseled, smiling whimsically, "if they do get uppity with you, smile at them. No one in the world could resist your smile, darling."

(Continued on Page 16)

GET GRAY HAIR OFF YOUR MIND
FARR'S harmless as your lipstick

1933—marvelous advances in cosmetics. If your hair tends to become streaked, FARR'S is obtainable everywhere; clean, odorless, greaseless. Tints gray hair one even shade, leaves it soft, natural, youthful. Easily applied in the hygienic privacy of home, assured that it will not rub off nor interfere with curling, marcel or permanent wave.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

FREE SAMPLE
BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. A.W.13
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping
Name . . .
Street . . .
City . . .
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR

Lost...a sunny disposition, age 2

ONCE upon a time you had a little girl who prattled happily all day long And now . . . fretful, petulant, clinging to your skirts . . . you just can't do a thing with her! What can be the matter? Perhaps you say "Just peevishness!"

But . . . is it?

Mother, have you ever considered that constipation might cause your youngster's change of disposition? It is childhood's commonest ailment, and the definite handicap of fully 90% of all children!

Your child's health habits may be regular, but that does not necessarily mean thorough elimination of intestinal wastes. These wastes send their poisons through the system, affecting the nerves and retarding development.

"Balanced diet" not always adequate

You carefully supervise the nursery diet-list . . . you allow "over-time" when it comes to sun and exercise. But, in spite of your conscientious efforts, your child may be suffering from constipation, brought on by a childish negligence beyond your control . . . too "busy" playing to spare the proper time!

When you notice your child is weepy, fretful, whiny . . . or has no appetite . . . or doesn't want to play with the favorite toys or the favorite playmates . . . the chances are that *now* is the time for a laxative.

But, mother, be careful of the laxative you give your child! For some laxatives, especially those intended for adult use, are too strong, too drastic in action to be suitable for children. Even when they are given in reduced doses, this type of laxative may do more harm than good!

Give your child Fletcher's Castoria

Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria is a simple vegetable preparation. It is made *especially for children*. And children do not fuss and whimper when told that they must take it. They like it because *it tastes good*. And it is actually settling to delicate stomachs. It does not gripe . . . is not habit-forming.

Your physician will tell you that Fletcher's Castoria contains no harsh, harmful drugs, NO NARCOTICS. It is a gentle, safe, effective remedy for the relief of constipation in children from baby-age to eleven years. Purchase a bottle at your druggist's today—the new family size is the most economical way to buy it. And be sure of this—that the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on the carton!

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
for
constipation
in children

from babyhood to 11 years

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THE NEW JELL-O

REG U S PAT OFF

is made without boiling water!

CHERRY AND GRAPEFRUIT MOLD

1 package Cherry Jell-O
1 pint warm water
1 grapefruit, sections free from membrane

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Arrange grapefruit sections around base of mold. Garnish with maraschino cherries. Serves 4.

Richer flavor!

...taste it in this Cherry and Grapefruit Mold!

SPRINGTIME SALAD

1 package Lime Jell-O
1 pint warm water
½ teaspoon salt
4 stuffed olives, thinly sliced
1 cup tart apple, pared and diced
1 cup cabbage, finely shredded

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Add salt. Chill. Decorate ring mold with olive slices. When Jell-O is slightly thickened, fold in apple and cabbage. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise. Serves 6.

Fastest setting!

...Prove it in this Springtime Salad!

In these delightful new recipes no steam steals flavor . . . no boiling heat delays setting!

HERE'S a story that has stirred up excitement among women all over the country! You make the *New* Jell-O *without* boiling water—and the fruit flavor is so much richer! . . . the setting amazingly faster!

These two clever new recipes will show you, in your own kitchen, just what this wonderful new improvement means to you.

The New Jell-O dissolves like snowflakes in water only slightly hotter than lukewarm. No steam carries fruit flavor off into the air—no boiling heat delays setting!

See the difference in this luscious Cherry and Grapefruit Mold. Rich cherry flavor—juicy as the ripe-red fruit itself. Tenderer than other gelatin desserts, too!

And how fast this New Jell-O sets! With no boiling heat to slow it up, you can put it into the refrigerator right away. Elaborate salads and desserts can now be made without fuss and tedious waiting. Prove it with this tempting green Springtime Salad, full of the cool flavor of real limes.

The price is the same—Jell-O is still the low cost dessert. And you can use all your favorite recipes. Look for the bright new packages of the New Jell-O at your grocer's—a different color for each of the six pure fruit flavors. Sealed fresh—by the exclusive Jell-O inner seal. Try New Jell-O today!

Mail the coupon for booklet, teeming with bright new ideas for desserts, salads, and left-over dishes.

GENERAL FOODS, BATTLE CREEK, MICH. A W 4 E 28

Please send me . . . free . . . a copy of your booklet, "Try the New Jell-O."

Name_____

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City_____ State_____

(Fill in completely—print name and address). If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.

CORNS

Stops Pain At Once

Only one thing produces corns—shoe friction and pressure. Paring them with a razor doesn't remove the cause and is positively dangerous. Even old-time methods can't prevent corns coming back. Serious acid burn is often the result of their use. Nothing in the world is as safe, sure and scientific for treating corns as Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They end pain instantly; eliminate the cause by their protective action; heal sore toes and prevent blisters. Used with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included at no extra cost, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly and safely

Remove Corns and Callouses

These thin, soothing pads are made in special sizes and shapes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between the toes. Get a box today. At all drug, dept. and shoe stores. For every foot trouble there is a specific Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

SUPPRESSED KNOWLEDGE OF THE AGES

What strange powers did the ancients possess? Where was the source of knowledge that made it possible for them to perform miracles? Were these profound secrets burned with ancient libraries or are they buried beneath crumbling Temple walls?

Those wise men of the past knew the mysteries of life and personal power. This wisdom is not lost—it is withheld from the mass. It is offered TO YOU if, with an open mind, you wish to step out of the rut of monotonous existence and MASTER YOUR LIFE.

THIS FREE BOOK

Man's intolerance has at times swept his achievements from the face of the earth, yet secret brotherhoods have preserved this sacred wisdom of the ages. The Rosicrucians, one of these ancient brotherhoods, INVITE YOU to write and secure free copy of "The Wisdom of the Sages." It will point out how you may receive age-old truths for study in the privacy of your home. You can learn to MAKE YOUR LIFE ANSWER the fulfillment of your ideals and wants you. Address:

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Ingrown Nail Turns Right Out!

Pain Stops Instantly!

"Outgro" is a harmless antiseptic manufactured for chiropodists. However, anyone can buy from the drug store a tiny bottle containing directions. ● A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the ingrowing nail reduces inflammation and pain and so toughens the tender, sensitive skin underneath the toe nail, that it can not penetrate the flesh, and the nail turns naturally outward almost over night.

DANDRUFF
Soon Destroys the Hair

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get plain ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It won't cost you more than thirty-five cents (the). No matter how much dandruff you have, this simple remedy never fails.

BIG TIME By Rae Waldwell

(Continued from Page 14)

Roger did not tell her that should they decide to dispense with his services, he would be given no opportunity to smile at anyone who mattered. A typewritten notice in a sealed yellow envelope would be all the recognition he would receive. Because of that ad because of her firm belief in the power of his smile, he said warily, "Don't worry, little An, you'll breakfast on a tropical terrace in mid-Winter yet."

"With a dip in the ocean before?" declared An, putting close to him, pillowing her face against his chest.

Roger held her tight, moved. There was something pathetic about Ann's thirsting after such things—in the face of cold reality. Over the top of her head, he said:

"I won't take time to-day the kid's sled after all, I'd beter be there on tick this morning."

Ann followed him upstairs and laid out clean underwear and brushed his suit while he bathed. She kissed him good by in the kitchen door, then went down to start the wash.

Ann was a beautiful woman. Not that it ever occurred to her. Comments of admiration she took for granted as a form of congeniality to be showered on a man alike. In fact, she often passed off a compliment which she didn't half mean merely because it gave the hearer pleasure. She surmised that flattering remarks to herself were for the same reason. She was mistaken.

In her small circle, Ann's beauty was something to marvel at, to try to analyze, to study—and failing to explain away because it was Ann's chief effort. Of course, Ann had shown a tendency to turn in her strut, or take their word literally, they might not have been so lavish in their praise. But Ann did nothing of the kind. The very way she laughingly discounted their flattering observations was in itself astonishing; it was as if she actually didn't believe them. Which made them all the more zealous in pointing out things she had to be thankful for: the natural wave in her dark hair, the pearliness of her small even teeth, the daintiness of her trimly clad feet, the smallness and whiteness of her hands. Ann, in turn made no secret of her beauty care. She told them florid that she used cotton or rubber gloves to work in, that she steamed her face over a hot bowl to encourage the wave and that she used dental floss for her teeth.

But these were minor points of Ann's beauty. Any woman might possess these. Her real beauty lay in the slim long-limbed figure that gave modishness to the most common apparel; in her manner of holding her head, high and unbending, in her perfectly straight back and shoulders that were the envy of every woman who wore an evening gown. Ann never pulled at her clothes, nor fingered ornaments, nor fumbled at her pocket.

Her cheek was round and rounded, tapering to an unusually pointed chin in an oval face, and there were no hollows that showed around her eyes. Contentment in her love for Roger Trent manifested itself always and created round dimples in each cheek. In short, Ann at 40 was still a girl and would be at 50. Had a casual observer looked at a 19-year-old, he could not have guessed her age.

This is thanks to a portion of Ann. Roger Trent's unusual ambitions were to turn into a channel that was to open his after both it and Ann would set its imprint on their character.

But Ann did not realize that she was unique. It was natural of it at all, as long as it was ambitious for him. When she dreamed beyond their means it would have expressed as wishing she liked to entertain and adored one in a position of power which befitted his amazing personality.

In justice to Ann it must be said, that never in those early days of fame was she dazzled by the glare of the stage. It was merely the background she and Babs—a pleasing background against which the brilliancy of Roger Trent flashed and burned.

It was not surprising that Ann worshipped him. They had been sweethearts since she was ten and he twelve. He had never had another girl, she had never known another beau.

Ann had lived in a cottage with her grandmother and widowed father beside the parsonage which was Roger's home. They had managed to stand separation until Roger graduated from college, had married as soon as he landed a job—with the Starr Trust Company.

It suited her father. He discharged his duty to her by presenting her with a baby grand piano, and went West, subsequently to remarry.

Roger's parents, ample for on the verge of accepting a parish in a smaller city, were glad to see their son marry early and settle down. They looked upon marriage as insurance against the evils of the business world.

Roger and Ann had struggled along without help from either side—even after the baby came a year later—content and happy in their love.

At her grandmother's death they held hopes for a little while of a home, but the cottage had to be sold to pay taxes in arrears and debts to her father. So after a few days' dream, they were back on their own.

CHAPTER II.

Roger Trent—Personality.

MARK STARR'S death had put Ann in a singular humor. She connected the rubber hose to the washing machine resentfully, thinking that she should be having a woman to do this; not only the washing, but the cleaning and cooking as well. Not that she minded it; she had always loved housekeeping for Roger, but it would reflect such prestige on him for her to be able to say, "Our cleaning woman, our maid, our cook." She rehearsed the words aloud, giving to each accent a different inflection. Yes, she should be having them. People could see, then, Roger's worth. They would say, "He's getting up in the world—they keep a maid."

The rattling of the furnace next door shattered her crystal of dreams. She sat down on a box dejectedly. Mark Starr had had to die and take Roger's 10 per cent raise with him! Not only that, but Roger even feared for his job now that the bank was passing into other hands.

She left the machine running and trudged up to the second floor, weighted by the burden of her thought. She turned into Babs' bedroom and stood looking down at the sleeping child, one slender arm thrown carelessly back of the pillow, dark hair rippling in a loose wave below her shoulders, lashes—thick and dark and curling—lying along creamy cheeks flushed with sleep. She was growing up. Ann stood, noting the smoothly rounded body and the budding signs of early development.

"She'll make a beautiful debutante," Ann said aloud, calculating time, "in seven years."

She sat down on the bed and pressed a kiss on Babs' cheek, seeing her in her mind's eye at the age of sixteen... While Ann studied her in all her sturdiness of perfect health, she wondered why the child was given to such spasms of terror. It was inconsistent with her appearance. She smiled as she thought how dear it was of their daddy always to comfort her without a murmur of impatience. Lots of men, Ann told herself, would be like a nervous headed bear at being waked in the night.

"Wake up, sleepy head," she said touseling the dark hair.

Babs opened her eyes—big, marvelously clear, wondering eyes, the fringe of upper and lower lashes forming a veritable frame for them. She smiled lowly at her mother, and in that smile Ann saw Roger again. His most precious gift to the child, he often thought.

Babs yawned, curving and stretching like a waking puppy, then held out her arms to her mother. "Morning, Mummy," she mumbled.

Ann kissed the full red lips and allowed her to fasten her dimpled hands firmly around her neck, then she swung her up from the bed.

"Daddy gone!" she asked, drooping across Ann's shoulder, letting her weight sag against her mother.

"Daddy's gone."

"He fix my sled?"

"No, darling, something happened at the bank and he had to leave early."

"Gee!" Babs plumped back on the bed in a pout. "He promised to fix it—Daddy always keeps his promises."

"He got up early to do it, dear, but this was important. He'll do it tonight."

"What was important, Mother?"

"Never mind now—" they never spoke of death to Babs "—come, Mummy's little baby, we must get a bath and get off to school."

"Aw wight," Babs answered in the baby talk she used when she wished to be particularly sweet. She stretched her arms about her mother's neck to be drawn up again.

Ann bathed and powdered her all over and dressed her, telling her a story as she laced her shoes and combed the long curls around her fingers, all the while thinking of how Babs would look at six teen. Then she took her down to breakfast and spread her napkin and buttered her toast and shelled her soft boiled egg. She put on the scarlet coat with its shining brass buttons and pulled the scarlet tam to the correct angle around her face, then found her books and strapped them on. All of which attention, Babs accepted with angelic sweetness. Babs had the trusting and innocent face of a baby—and the helplessness of one. In her nine years she had never put on her cap or coat, nor laced a shoe nor washed her face. Ann did it at home; obliging or admiring schoolmates did it at school. Disapproving neighbors remarked often, "If helplessness is a mark of a lady, Babs Trent was born to the part."

Just now the Tyler children, Gloria and Lloyd—in the doubt—were her daily guardians. Ann heard them stamping on the porch and brought a gingerbread man for each, then watched them go down the street, hand in hand, Babs in the middle—Lloyd carrying her books.

She took the paper to the basement and while the wash sloshed back and forth, reaped the account of Mark Starr's death.

Mark Starr, aged 60, whose life reads like an Arabian night's tale, died at an early hour this morning. Hugh Welkins, his valet, answering a summons to his master's room, found him gasping for breath. His doctor was rushed to his side at once but the great banker and benefactor of Mt. Jovite was already dead.

Further on, she read:

Starr, who came to Mt. Jovite when he was eighteen, began his remarkable career as delivery boy for a grocery store, from which he advanced to manager-ship, and finally ownership. After 1905 his rise was rapid and he was soon identified with all civic projects. Though he promoted public utility, real estate, steel and other developments and owned controlling interest in all of them in Mt. Jovite, his pride was his bank, the Starr Trust Company, the largest independent bank in the state, housed by the most magnificent structure of its kind in the country.

Starr, who never married, leaves three nephews, David Starr, 48, the son of his oldest brother, Jerome Starr, 52, and Donald Starr, 29, sons of a younger brother. Both brothers and their wives lost their lives on the ill-fated gigantic returning from Europe in 1912.

Starr's parents died many years ago.

Ann put the clothes through the wringer, her mind traveling over Roger's wardrobe. He probably would have to go to the funeral. She must brush up his best suit and see that he had matching ties and handkerchiefs.

Roger, as he picked his way carefully along the path, frozen hard and slippery under two feet of snow that morning to the

(Continued on Page 19)

MERCOLIZED WAX

Removes Veil That Hides Your Beauty

Your skin may look aged and unlovely but beneath that veil there is a smooth, young skin which Mercolized Wax will reveal. Mercolized Wax stuffs off the discolored outer skin and with it go even the most persistent blemishes such as freckles tan or liver spots. The beautiful underskin fresh and glowing with color is then visible. You will be delighted with its youthful perfection. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. Powdered Saxolite reduces wrinkles and sag signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use as an astringent.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS DO TASTE BETTER

WHY DO YOU KEEP NAGGING ME TO EAT? HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU MY HEAD'S SPLITTING AND EVERYTHING I EAT GIVES ME INDIGESTION?
YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DOCTOR, JOHN, IT ISN'T NATURAL FOR YOU TO BE LIKE THIS.

WHEN INTESTINES BECOME SLUGGISH, FOOD WASTES COLLECT. POISONS FILTER INTO THE BLOOD, CAUSING HEADACHES, INDIGESTION, ETC. FRESH YEAST IS THE BEST WAY TO CORRECT THIS CONDITION.
STOMACH
INTESTINES
I WISH I'D KNOWN THIS SOONER, DOCTOR. I WAS TAKING A CATHARTIC ALMOST EVERY NIGHT.
3 WEEKS LATER.
OH, JOHN, I'M SO HAPPY YOU FEEL SO WELL AGAIN!
ISN'T IT GREAT? FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST SURE HELPED ME CURE THAT GROUCH.
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

Doctors advise this FOOD!

DON'T let constipation bring unhappiness to your home—when it's so easy to correct this evil with fresh yeast.

Remember, Fleischmann's Yeast is a *food*. It strengthens the intestines... softens the food wastes... restores natural elimination easily and *naturally*.

Start eating Fleischmann's fresh Yeast now—and eat three cakes every day—regularly—plain or in water (a third of a glass). Directions are printed on the label.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for Health*

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Own the finest of electric cleaners at a fraction of original price

Sale of Genuine HOOVER Specials

Previous models reconstructed at the Hoover factory

Her car may have twelve more cylinders than yours. Her clothes may be more expensive. Her home may be bigger and its furnishings far more luxurious. But there is one thing she has which any woman can own. It is The Hoover — the one household possession which confers pride of ownership without penalty of cost.

Now $21.95 CASH
Convenient Terms

It's extraordinary — this opportunity! Just think — you can own the finest make of electric cleaner . . . a genuine Hoover . . . for only $21.95. You must *see* these splendid Hoover Specials to know what great bargains they are. You can scarcely tell them from new cleaners. They look like new. They clean like new. Actually, they will outlast and outperform *many* new cleaners selling at much higher prices.

Every one of these Hoover Specials has been carefully *reconstructed by Hoover factory experts* — completely gone over and put in first-class mechanical condition by the company's own men. They're all "dressed-up" with new equipment — smart new cloth bag, sturdy new cord, new belt and furniture guard. The motor is sweetly tuned — and a new ball-bearing beating-sweeping brush has been installed to give every machine top-notch cleaning efficiency. You'll be amazed at the long and excellent service any one of them can give.

Now a nation-wide clearance of Hoover Specials gives every woman an opportunity to own the world's finest make of cleaner at an unbelievably low price. The number is limited — ACT QUICKLY.

Another Remarkable Value
The Hoover Special, Model 541, bright finish, a rare bargain at **$28.95**

COMBINATION OFFERS during APRIL Only
Model 541, bright finish, the same machine as offered above, complete with Dusting Tools, (previously $36.45) during April only **$31.95**

Machine illustrated, complete with Dusting Tools at a remarkable saving. The price at which it ordinarily sells is $29.45. For 30 days only **$24.95**

The most popular cleaner. Hoover is the oldest maker of electric cleaners — and the largest. More homes — mansions or cottages — are cleaned by Hoovers than by any other make of electric cleaner. More than 3,000,000 Hoovers have been sold. Nearly half of all Hoovers bought are purchased on recommendations of users to their friends.

The Hoover is recommended by leading rug manufacturers for the cleaning and preservation of carpets.

The Hoover is not only more efficient at the start but it is kept efficient by a sturdier construction and by expert Hoover service, to which every Hoover owner is entitled.

Gets all types of dirt. There are three kinds of dirt in floor coverings — three kinds of dirt that must be removed before a rug can be truly clean. They are surface dust, thread and lint, and deeply embedded, fiber-cutting grit. The Hoover offers a special cleaning action for each type of dirt. It combines suction (for surface dust), sweeping (for thread and lint), and beating (the only way to dislodge heavy grit). Only a cleaner that has these three actions — beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans — can get *all* types of dirt.

Get your Hoover Special from one of the stores listed below and make sure it carries a guarantee tag from The Hoover Company. Without the guarantee tag it is not a genuine Hoover Special. If there is no Hoover Dealer in your town, mail this coupon to

The Hoover Company
North Canton, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please tell me how I can secure one of these Hoover Specials. I am interested in offers checked below:

☐ Hoover Special, $21.95 ☐ Hoover bright finish Special De Luxe, $28.95 ☐ Hoover Special with Dusting Tools, $24.95 ☐ Hoover bright finish Special De Luxe with Dusting Tools, $31.95.

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New Bedford	Star Store
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	Meekins, Packard & Wheat, Inc.

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TELEPHONE ANY OF THESE DEALERS EARLY TOMORROW MORNING

Blind-Man's-Buff

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER XV.

Resume.

NOW looking back, it is surprising to see how many of the notes Jimmy Lane jotted down that morning proved to have a direct bearing on the solution of the Conroy murders.

For those who wish to refresh their minds as to the sequence of events I am giving them here:

1. Nathan Conroy owns an island where he and his family spend their Summers. Five years before his death he retires to the island and remains there the year around with the former manager of his plantation, Henry Harker.
2. At his death, in 1920, he leaves a will bequeathing his property to his sister, Hagar, his daughter, Judith, and his five grandchildren: Mark, Sally, Roberto, Lucia and Lee; but ignoring his only remaining son, Hugh; he adopted grandson, Douglas, and his step-grandson, Tony. This will requires that the legatees spend the month between September 15 and October 15 out of every year on the island. Harker is to receive $10,000, provided he stays on the island for ten years as caretaker.
3. In the case of the death of all the legatees, the money is to be divided between Henry Harker and Mrs. Prill.
4. In the Summer of 1929, Sally dies a few hours after her arrival on the island, from an overdose of chloral hydrate taken in a glass of tea-punch. The bottle, which previously stood in the medicine chest in the upper hall, disappears and is never recovered.
5. At the time of Sally's death, every member of the Conroy family, with the exception of Lucia, is on the island; and all of them have access to the chloral and the tea-punch.
6. It is believed that Sally's death was suicidal, until the following Summer, when Lucia discovers a note scribbled on the fly-leaf of the book she was reading the afternoon of her death. This says, "Murdered."
7. In 1930, the year when the estate is to be settled, the family comes, as usual, to the island. Conditions in the family which may have some bearing on the case are:
   (a) Lucia Conroy is engaged to her adopted-cousin Doug.
   (b) Lee Conroy has been drinking steadily. It is suspected that Henry Harker is supplying the liquor.
   (c) Lee quarrels with 'Berto and Tony when they destroy some of his liquor.
   (d) 'Berto flirts with Connie Dietrich and they quarrel.
   (e) Tony has an argument with 'Berto over money matters.
   (f) It is reported that 'Berto is about to marry an Italian girl.
   (g) There is an argument between Mrs. Prill and Henry Harker.
   (h) There is a row between Henry Harker and 'Berto Patri.
8. On the morning of Thursday, September twenty-fifth, the servants leave for a barbecue celebrating the opening of a new levee at the mouth of the river. The family gathers on the hill back of the house and there is a discussion of detective stories in the course of which Aunt Hagar announces that if she were to start on a career of crime the first one she would murder would be 'Berto. This discussion leads to a prize contest for the best detective story.
9. In the evening, a terrific equinoctial storm breaks. Truffles, the dog, disappears, and, in searching for him, the whole Island is combed—thus establishing the fact that no stranger is in hiding at that time. The storm makes it impossible for anyone to cross the river later that night.
10. On the evening of Friday, September twenty-sixth, the detective stories are completed by eight o'clock. They are counted by Jimmy Lane, who finds there are nine manuscripts.
11. A game of blind-man's-buff is suggested by 'Berto, and seconded by several others, including Tony and Doug.
12. The game starts at eight-fifteen with Tony as "it." Tony catches Connie, who catches 'Berto, at about eight-twenty. 'Berto asks her to let him off as he wishes to go upstairs. He is heard by Mrs. Prill moving about in his room, and a moment later he joins someone in the lower hall. Mrs. Prill is unable to say whether the second person is a man or a woman, but she hears 'Berto whisper, "All ready for the slaughter."
13. At about eight twenty-five, Lee goes into the breakfast room to get a drink. He is interrupted by the entrance of 'Berto and a second person. He hears 'Berto whisper, "Look out or you'll hurt someone with that knife." Lee slips out of the room by the door into the butler's pantry. At about eight twenty-seven Doug tries the door from the kitchen into the breakfast room. He finds it locked and a crack of light showing underneath.
14. At eight-thirty Aunt Hagar leaves the living room to get a drink. In the dark dining room she is kissed by some man who has not as yet revealed his identity. Upon opening the door to the butler's pantry, she hears someone at the sink. It is impossible for this to be the same person who kissed her. She crosses and finds the water running and a damp towel lying upon the sink-board. Later the towel is removed.
15. At about eight-forty-five Harker goes to the dynamo room. He sees Tony at the glassed-in end of the veranda lighting a cigarette by means of a lighter. Later Tony tells of having gone into the house to get a paper of matches from the dining room sideboard. He gives no explanation of why it was necessary to get matches when he was in possession of a lighter.
16. At eight-fifty the game stops and the family assemble in the living room for the reading of the manuscripts. Judith and Connie both notice the absence of 'Berto Patri, but neither of them comments on it at the time.
17. At one o'clock, after nine manuscripts have been read, it is discovered that an extra story has been added, probably during the course of the game of blind-man's-buff. This tenth manuscript is entitled "Murder in the Conroy Clan." Takes the island for its locale, and the Conroy family for its cast of characters, the story is built up about the actual happenings of the day before and through the events of that evening, including the game of blind-man's-buff. It ends with a description of the game, the reading of the manuscripts, and the discovery that 'Berto Patri is not in the room; its climax is a vivid account of the discovery of 'Berto's dead body in the breakfast room.
18. At one-fifteen, the story is finished and it is noticed that 'Berto is actually missing. Mark, Doug, Philip Carter and Jimmy Lane go to look for him and find his body in the breakfast room, exactly as described in the story. It is lying on a rug in the middle of the room. The hands are bound with clothesline. The throat has been cut from ear to ear by means of a sharp knife from the kitchen which is found close by.
19. The body wears a shirt belonging to Tony, which (according to Tony's testimony) was placed in the hall for Mrs. Prill to mend. This shirt is not only stained with 'Berto's blood but also with red coloring matter, laid on in irregular splotches.
20. A blanket from 'Berto's room is on the settee, also a pillow from the upstairs hall.
21. Dr. Mark Dietrich examines the body. He places the time of death at approximately eight-thirty, and testifies that 'Berto's throat has been cut in such a fashion that the blood must have spattered upon the murderer.
22. It is discovered that a slicker, worn by Henry Harker earlier in the evening, and left over a chair in the kitchen, has disappeared. This is found later with the missing towel in a rain-barrel on the upper gallery.

The notes came to an abrupt end; and Jimmy, who had been watching me, asked:

"Do you see where it's all leading?" As I shook my head he leaned over and checked several of the paragraphs with his blue pencil. "These will point the way."

I re-read numbers 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 17, 18, 19, 20 with puzzled interest; then, knowing Jimmy rather likes me to be obtuse, because, in explaining, he not infrequently clears up some of his own doubts and perplexities, I confessed my stupidity shamelessly.

"Wait." He crossed to the table and returned with two manuscripts. The first was a short sketch which Tony and Connie had identified as 'Berto's contribution. The second was **Murder in the Conroy Clan.** "Look," he said, "they've both been typed on the same machine, 'Berto's Bing."

"You mean that 'Berto wrote both stories?"

"Yes. I believe it originated as a hoax which 'Berto planned to play on the family. He purposely started us playing the game of blind-man's-buff, then slipped that story into the pile on the table. After that, he ran upstairs to his room and put on Tony's torn shirt which he took from the upper hall."

"But why—"

"Wait a minute, you'll see. Then he went downstairs and joined a confederate, someone who was to help him in putting over the joke." His face sobered, and I knew that he was thinking of 'Berto, full of his boyish prank, meeting that sinister figure and whispering gaily, 'All ready for the slaughter.'"

"Then it must have been one of the family," I said slowly.

"Not necessarily. He might have enlisted the services of Harker, or even Mrs. Prill."

"But she overheard them talking—" I began.

"We've only her word for it. Don't misunderstand me, Phil. I've no reason to think it was Prillie. I'm pointing out that if we are correct and 'Berto typed that manuscript, it puts both Aunt Hagar and Prillie back on our list of suspects. We eliminated them, you'll remember, only because they were unable to use a typewriter."

"Of course!" My mind was working back, testing Jimmy's theory by means of the evidence. I was bound to admit that it held. "That would explain 'Berto's remark about the knife, which Lee overheard."

"Yes; whoever helped him, carried the knife to lay on the floor at his feet, as described in the story. As I see it, 'Berto had a tableau all arranged. He got the other fellow to tie his ankles and wrists, then plumped to lie down on the settle until he heard the family coming. That explains the pillow and blanket. While they were arranging this, the lights were on and the doors locked, as Doug found them when he came into the kitchen. With 'Berto bound hand and foot, the murder was a cinch. The killer

(Continued on Page 19)

THAT UPSET MORNING FEELING YOU HAVE

7 Chances in Ten it's "Acid Stomach"
How You Can Easily Correct It

Almost Instant Relief This Way

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

According to many authorities, some 80% of the people of today have acid stomach. This because so many foods, comprising the modern diet, are acid forming foods.

It usually makes itself felt in headaches, nausea, "gas," "biliousness," and most frequently in stomach pains that come about thirty minutes after eating. So you can easily tell if you have it.

Now Quickly and Easily Corrected

If you do have acid stomach, don't worry about it. You can correct it in a very simple manner. Just do this. It will *alkalize* your acid soaked stomach almost immediately. You will feel like another person.

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia with a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

What This Does

That's all you do. But you do it regularly, EVERY DAY, so long as you have any symptoms of distress.

This acts to neutralize the stomach acids that foster your "upset" stomach, that invite headaches and that feeling of lassitude and lost energy.

Try it. Results will amaze you. Your head will be clear. You'll forget you have a stomach.

BUT—be careful that you get REAL milk of magnesia when you buy; genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. See that the name "Phillips" is stamped clearly on the label.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes Food and Tobacco Acids a few minutes after taking.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY MENU will help solve the what-to-serve problem. Consult it regularly—on next to the last page.

Poor little kid!... *Scolded for C's that really stand for Coffee!*

ONCE he stood at the head of his class . . . his report cards bristled with A's.

Then something happened! C's began to appear. They kept appearing. His father scolds him . . . but he doesn't improve. What's the matter?

Science suggests that perhaps it's coffee. Yes—coffee, that unsuspecting parents let their children drink.

Why coffee harms children

Coffee contains caffein . . . a drug stimulant. A single cup of coffee may contain up to two grains of this drug.

Coffee makes children irritable and nervous. It stimulates them to overactivity. It can cause indigestion and loss of sleep and take away appetite.

And that isn't all. By crowding milk and other foods out of the diet, coffee can cause under-nourishment. Thus it robs children of health . . . sallows their skins . . . lowers their vitality and makes them more susceptible to disease.

Read this amazing proof!

A world-famous research institution recently conducted a survey among 80,000 school children. It was proved beyond doubt that coffee harms children mentally as well as physically. *Only 16.3% of those who drank coffee received good marks in school.* Of those who did not drink coffee, 44.7% received good marks.

Another survey among large groups of under-nourished children showed that *more than 85% of the under-nourished children drank coffee one or more times daily.*

No wonder medical and educational authorities condemn coffee for children!

A hot, nourishing drink

"But," you may say, "my children need a hot drink in the morning." That's true . . . but give them a hot drink that builds them up . . . Postum made with hot milk. It contains no drug . . . no stimulant.

Postum made with milk combines the wholesomeness of the wheat and bran in Postum with all the nourishing qualities of milk. It is rich in the very body-building elements that children should have.

Children, right through high-school ages, who drink Postum made with milk stand a far better chance of being happier, healthier, better students than those who drink coffee.

Postum is a delicious, "grown-up" looking drink that children love—even children who don't like plain milk. It's easily prepared. It costs less than ½¢ a cup.

Think twice before letting your children drink coffee. Think twice before even giving them milk flavored with coffee . . . it too often builds an appetite for full-strength coffee. Start giving your children Postum made with milk today. Your grocer can supply you . . . or mail the coupon for one week's full supply. Postum is a product of General Foods.

IS YOUR YOUNGSTER A "LIVE WIRE"?

Want your youngster to be energetic . . . happy . . . husky and always ready to go? Then heed this warning from "Growth and Development of the Child, Part III, Nutrition," published by the White House Conference of Child Health and Protection: "Coffee . . . is a nervous stimulant, and its use by a child may lead to over-activity, hyper-irritability . . . and to a shortage of sleep. These, again, contribute to an increased expenditure of energy, while the food intake is apt to be reduced rather than increased . . . Coffee and tea drinkers have been found repeatedly in health surveys to be more commonly underweight than those not using these stimulants."

COFFEE INDUSTRY OPPOSES COFFEE FOR CHILDREN

"We are opposed to giving coffee to children and adolescents because as a class these protoplasmic structures are young and in a high state of irritability. They are being stimulated constantly and need no aid to increase physical or mental activity.

"Coffee is not to be regarded as a food, but it may, by temporarily satisfying the appetite, prevent the sufficient use of nourishing tissue-building foods to meet the requirements of normal growth." "Report of an Investigation of Coffee," Published by the Brazilian-American Coffee Promotion Committee.

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Blind-Man's-Buff

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 18)

had only to bring that razor-sharp knife across 'Berto's throat. Even the sound of a falling body would pass unnoticed in the scuffle and noise of that wretched game."

"And the slicker—"

"—was put on by the murderer when he went to get the knife."

"But wouldn't 'Berto have thought it odd?"

"Not at all. You see, they were dabbing dye on that shirt, to represent blood."

"So that's why you asked Connie about red coloring matter?"

"Yes. It had been poured into the saucer we found on the sink. It was the empty dye bottle I picked up outside the window. It was probably tossed there by 'Berto himself. That's the reason he took Tony's torn shirt, and why it would have seemed perfectly natural for the fellow who was helping him to put on a slicker to protect his own clothes."

"Then, after killing him, he went into the butler's pantry and washed the dye and blood off his hands."

"Yes. You'll remember all the rooms downstairs were dark, while upstairs there was a light; he didn't dare risk being seen with blood on his hands so he stopped a moment to rinse them off before going upstairs." Jimmy rose and began to pace the room restlessly. "The devilish part of it all is, that it's so simple. With his hands tied, anyone might have cut 'Berto's throat—the weakest woman as well as the strongest man. In those papers you've got there, you'll find a list of suspects. I've been over it a dozen times, and I'll be hanged if I can see that any one person is indicated more than another." He nodded at the notes in my hands, and I found a list, headed:

POSSIBLE SUSPECTS.

Mark Dietrich.
Motives:
1. **Might have been jealous of 'Berto's attention to wife.**
2. **Might have believed that he caused Sally's death.**
3. **Might wish to increase his inheritance under the will.**

Opportunity:
He was in the game with the rest and was caught but once.

Connie Dietrich.
Motives:
1. **Might have discovered 'Berto was going to marry and killed him in jealous rage.**
2. **Might have wished to increase the inheritance, which she would enjoy through her husband.**

Opportunity:
Not so good as most of the others. She was in the game and caught three times.

Aunt Hagar Conroy.
Motives:
1. **An extreme dislike for 'Berto.**
2. **A desire to increase her share of the property inherited under the will. (Not a *strong* motive since she has money of her own.)**

Opportunity:
Was not under observation during the game. Might easily have slipped into the breakfast room.

Judith Conroy.
Motive:
To increase her inheritance under the will.

Opportunity:
Was in the game. Caught twice.

Lucia Conroy.
Motive:
Only the fact that it might increase her inheritance.

Opportunity:
Was in game. Caught but once.

Note: Lucia is practically eliminated because of the fact that she was not on the island at the time of Sally's death.

Lee Conroy.
Motives:
1. **Hated 'Berto because he took away his liquor.**
2. **To increase his inheritance.**

Opportunity:
Was in game. Caught but once.

Tony Patri.
Motive:
Might have killed 'Berto in order to get out from under his dominance and to inherit his title and (rather small amount) of money.

Opportunity:
Was not in the game. Admits he was in the house at least once.

Doug Conroy.
Motives:
1. **Might have been annoyed at 'Berto's gibes.**
2. **Might wish to increase the inheritance which he would get through his marriage to Lucia.**

Opportunity:
Not so good. Was in game, and caught three times.

Mrs. Prill.
Motive:
Would gain by 'Berto's death only if all the beneficiaries were dead.

Opportunity:
Very good. Was not in the game. Might have slipped down the back stairs and into the breakfast room undetected.

Henry Harker.
Motives:
1. **Was known to hate 'Berto.**
2. **Would gain inheritance only if all the Conroys were dead.**

Opportunity:
Excellent. Was not seen by anyone during the evening, and admitted being near the rear of the house during the game.

When I looked up, Jimmy was standing at the window, his hands in his pockets, gazing moodily out at the storm. "No chance of getting help from the mainland today," he said. "This case will be on our shoulders for another 24 hours at least."

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, the routine things, I suppose. There seems to be nothing else. No use our looking for finger-prints or anything of that sort; we haven't the apparatus for testing them even if we found any. We'll have to leave that to the police, but we'll take another careful look at the room downstairs, though I doubt if we find anything." His voice was weary, and, for another interval he remained moodily silent, then burst out with:

"I'm not at all content with things, Phil. I mean with what we got from the Conroys last night. I have a feeling that they're holding back some knowledge; that something is festering in their minds and paralyzing them with terror."

I knew what he meant, that hint of barely imagined horror which had hung over the family the night before. I, too, had felt it was something quite apart from their sorrow for 'Berto.

"I'm going to make another attempt to discover what it is," Jimmy declared. "I've a hunch, Phil, amounting to an absolute conviction, that when we find what's terrifying them we'll have our hands on the key to this mystery."

As usual, his hunch was right.

The fear that was haunting the Conroys was the key; but it was a long, and time, fraught with pain and bitter tragedy before he discovered the keyhole into which it fitted.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Death Threat.

NOTHING of any importance was discovered during the afternoon that followed our talk in the bedroom. Jimmy spent the time in a routine search for tangible clews, which produced no results. The slicker, towel and empty dye-bottle were locked away in the chest in our bedroom, and Jimmy personally nailed up the windows and doors of the breakfast room.

When the storm temporarily abated its fury, Doug, Jimmy and I went over the island, not with any real hope of discovering an intruder, but to be able to go on record when the police should arrive. The river had been rising steadily, until all the swampy land was inundated. This did us one good turn: it decreased the area which had to be searched. We took Truffles with us on this expedition and he waddled clumsily at the end of his leash, barking at startled birds but showing no other sign of interest.

We were, all of us, soaked after our trip; and while we dressed for dinner Jimmy firmly refused to discuss the case.

He was the first to go downstairs, and I found him, a few moments later, in the library studying the books. These were, as I believe I have said, mostly old and mildewed. Obviously the library of the grandfather. But near the window was a section given over to the books brought, succeeding Summers, by the members of the family. A study of these revealed a strange catholicity of taste. Mark had a shelf of scientific reference; Connie a row of cheap and sexy fiction. There were a number of modern novels, in English, French and Italian, belonging to Lucia and the Patris, while at least four shelves were crammed with mystery stories, still in their garish paper jackets.

"Aunt Hagar's cache," Jimmy observed, but I saw that it was not the detective fiction that held his attention. It was an amazing selection of works on psychology—both normal and abnormal—on sex, crime and insanity, that occupied the next shelf. Among them I noted: "Mental Diseases," by Jaines V. May; "An Outline of Abnormal Psychology," by J. W. Bridges; Seabury's "Unmasking Our Minds," Frink's "Morbid Fears and Compulsions," Campbell's "Delusion and Belief," and a number of standard psychologies in French and German.

"Pleasant Summer reading," I remarked, and Jimmy nodded agreement.

"Very. Now I wonder . . ." He took a volume from the shelf and looked at the flyleaf. "'Judith Conroy'." And opening a second and third, found the same name. "Strange taste for a maiden lady of uncertain years," he said thoughtfully, but before he could make any further comment we were interrupted by the dinner gong.

Judith and Connie were missing, we found, both of them having preferred to remain in their rooms. The rest of the family looked tired and dispirited, but the human contact — combined with Mrs. Prill's excellent dinner—was comforting. By the end of the meal their faces were a shade brighter and their voices less dreary.

Coffee was served in the living room. As Jimmy Lane settled himself with a cup in a corner of the divan, I noticed Lee watching him furtively. All through dinner he had been sunk in a sort of abstraction, as though he were weighing something in his mind. Now, of a sudden, he seemed to come to a decision.

"Look here," he said in a low tone, "there's something I want to tell you."

"Very well," Jimmy agreed, "as soon as I've had my coffee we'll go to the library." He was stirring his cup when Judith came in from the hall.

She declined coffee, crossed to the piano, and began playing Ravel's Pavane pour une Infante Defunte. For a little time the lovely music flowed from beneath her fingers, then she seemed to remember that evening when she and 'Berto had played side by side. She broke off in the middle of a phrase and sat, white and still, staring down at her hands.

It was at this moment we heard Connie's heels clicking upon the stairs. For a brief interval she stood in the doorway, effectively posed so that we might admire her dramatic version of mourning—flowing black satin pajamas with a Russian blouse of georgette that was trimmed with startling white fur. Suddenly she stiffened.

"Look!" she gasped. "There!"

Our eyes followed her pointing finger to the living room table, where the manuscripts had been spread the night before. Pinned to the side of the red leather chest, by means of a small, dagger-shaped paper-knife, was a sheet of yellow paper.

Murder in the Conroy Clan.
Chapter Two.

Jimmy Lane seized upon it and we crowded around while he read the contents aloud. It proved to be three paragraphs of typewritten matter. In short, terse sentences it carried on the story we had both read and lived the night before. Beginning with the discovery of Berto's body, our interviews with the family, and our search through the various rooms for clews, it ended with one ominous paragraph:

"'Upon Saturday night, as the family drifted into the living room, after dinner, a sheet of yellow paper was discovered upon the table. It was headed "Murder in the Conroy Clan. Chapter Two," and conveyed a warning that Lee Conroy was to die horribly that night.'"

There was a sharp cry from Lee, and Lucia exclaimed:

"It's a joke! It must be!"

Jimmy went on reading: "'In spite of everything that could be done in the way of precaution, in spite of locked doors and windows, only a few hours later Lee Conroy's body was found sprawled on the steps of the tomb. His throat had been cut from ear to ear.'"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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"Isn't it too bad you have to wash dishes before the party, Janet. Your hands will look all red and rough."
"Don't worry, Sue. LUX in the dishpan is a regular beauty treatment. And it works so fast, too."
LUX
for Dishes
Lovely hands for 1¢ a day

BIG TIME

By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 16)

garage, puckered his forehead into a frown. It was bitterly cold; a raw February wind was blowing and icicles hung on the wire clothesline like clear transparent drippings of sugar candy on a string. He turned his coat collar up around his ears and hunched his head lower, puffing great clouds of steam out into the sharp crisp air. He slipped and swore. . . Ann was right. A fellow slaved forever and got nothing out of it but a bare existence. A blamed bare existence, he thought, as an icy blast cut across his shoulders; after ten years a fellow ought, at least, to have a house with a garage attached. Roger was an amiable man and it was hard for him to get worked up to rebellion—but personal discomfort was the surest road to that end. Ann's right, he thought again. It was high time some one took notice of him.

Lee Tyler, who shared their double and garage—and bank, since he, too, worked at the Starr Trust Company—was coming out of the garage bare-headed with a kettle in his hand. "Froze up," he announced laconically.

A shaft of sunlight, bursting momentarily through the morning's gloom, scintillated in a bronze aura over Lee's auburn hair. Roger shivered; Lee Tyler never seemed to know there was a change of weather.

"I suppose mine's froze up, too," Roger answered. By way of references to Starr's death, he said, "Guess you've heard?"

"What?"

It was almost a pleasure to be the purveyor of such startling news.

"Mark Starr's dead."

"Good Heaven!" Lee stared blankly at Roger. "When?"

"This morning. That's what the extra was about."

"The old man looked good for a hundred. What was the cause?"

"Come inside while I warm up my buggy," Roger said, stamping his feet, impatient to get out of the cold.

"I've got mine working. Drive down with me; I'll get you home tonight," Lee offered.

Roger flashed his famous smile. "You've got a head, boy."

He got into Lee's car gratefully. This would save him from parking in the raw cold downtown and perhaps the bother of a frozen radiator this evening. He described the paper's account of Starr's death while Lee maneuvered the slippery streets.

"Some change — from him to those nephews," was Lee's only comment.

"Yes," Roger agreed; "Mark Starr's nephews are a lot!"

Both lapsed into silence, contemplating what the dawn had brought. Roger's rebellion had dwindled to a mollifying acquiescence with all the Starr policies by the time he passed into the warm cathedral-like interior of the marble-walled bank.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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ILLUSION:

A large packing case is exhibited on a raised platform. A young woman climbs into the box. Head, hands and feet protrude, and are held by spectators while the magician takes a crosscut saw and, with the help of an assistant, saws through the center of the box and apparently through the woman.

EXPLANATION:

There are many explanations for this illusion. One method of performing this illusion requires the presence of *two* girls in the box. One girl curls up in the left half of the box with her head and hands protruding, giving the effect you see illustrated above. The other girl is doubled up in the right half of the box, with only her feet showing. Nobody is sawed in half.

It's fun to be fooled — ...it's more fun to KNOW

Cigarette advertising, too, has its tricks. Consider the illusion that "Flavor" can be achieved by some kind of magical hocus-pocus in manufacturing.

EXPLANATION: Just three factors control the flavor of a cigarette. The addition of artificial flavoring. The blending of various tobaccos. And the *quality* of the tobaccos themselves. Quality is by far the most important. Domestic cigarette tobaccos vary in price from 5¢ a pound up to 40¢ a pound. Imported tobaccos vary from 50¢ a pound to $1.15.

No wonder, then, that cigarettes differ in taste—since distinctive, *pleasing* flavor depends so largely upon the blending of the *costlier* tobaccos.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Try Camels. Give your taste a chance to sense the subtle difference that lies in costlier tobaccos . . . a difference that means all the world in smoking pleasure . . . in pure, unalloyed satisfaction.

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NO TRICKS ..JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

CAMELS

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SENSATIONAL!
Comfort beyond belief

EXTRA LONG STRETCH
PARIS GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

"Happy legs are here again!"

ENCIRCLE SIX legs easily—yet fit one leg perfectly.

A most remarkable improvement in garters, you'll agree. Made with long stretch, *long lasting* Steinweave Elastic (found only in Paris Garters). No binding — no slipping. Perfect fitting. Enjoy this economical comfort.

Made in U. S. A. by A. Stein & Company

By Lord Montagu's Daughter Who Ran Away to Be a Chorus Girl

(Continued from Double Page)

very skeptical as to the price her daughter paid for her present. Being convinced of her innocence as far as the strictly moral code was concerned did not quite satisfy her; she made her daughter return the bracelet. That finished her gold-digging. Shortly afterwards she married a young broker and lived happily ever afterwards, until they were divorced.

Another little gold-digging episode which occurred during my initial stay with the Follies had an even sadder outcome.

This time a little show girl of a trifle older vintage was playing up a tired old business man. She had settled her mind on a beautiful hat with a wonderful osprey displayed in a very fashionable milliner's shop in Fifth Avenue.

Her pet T. B. M. had promised to foot the bill for it at a price. She consented. The hat was bought and the young show girl highly delighted. But the assignation agreed upon when full payment was to be exacted was not fulfilled by the young lady.

The unfortunate T. B. M. was kept cooling his heels and incidentally his ardor for many hours. He never saw his inamorata until the next day. She was then lunching with a young actor in Sherry's, wearing the beautiful osprey hat.

He stalked across to her in a rage, seized a table knife and half cut, half tore the precious feathers from her hat and in triumph walked out of the restaurant.

The actor knew that it must be his cue to knock the T. B. M. villain down. He had knocked down enough stage villains to know and he had an expectant audience who, not knowing what had gone before, would certainly have cheered him. But there was no director and he had had no rehearsal and somehow he did not rise to this great occasion and missed another chance to be a hero.

The chorus girl, realizing the situation, calmly took off her hat, smoothed out the torn feathers and proceeded with her meal as though nothing untoward had happened.

Shortly afterwards the show went on tour and in Philadelphia I had occasion to receive many letters from prominent Philadelphians asking me out to private parties. None of the people who wrote me knew me by sight.

They all insisted on my coming to their parties. But just as insistent as they were for my presence, equally insistent were they that I should come unaccompanied by any of my friends from the theatrical company.

The snobbery of this rather irritated me. I declined all invitations, except when Marcellus Cox, a well-known banker in that town, invited me to lunch.

He preceded his invitation by saying that it was rather disgraceful that a young lady of my family and connections should make such a display of herself in such a company.

Nevertheless I promised to accompany him to lunch, provided I could bring a friend with me. He was rather dismayed when he learned it was a young lady from the same theatrical company. But, no doubt after talking it over with his family, he consented, rather ungraciously I thought, to take us to a restaurant in the city to lunch. These preliminaries were conducted by notes, so the banker had not yet seen me.

I made an arrangement with a young show girl in the same company to impersonate me. She was a Southern girl and soon picked up and could easily impersonate our broad vowels. Any Englishman would have detected the deception in a moment. But she evidently fooled the Philadelphian as to her accent.

She certainly gave a better personation of a peer's daughter than I could have done. She said "cawnt" and "lawf" and dropped her aitches—which is supposed to be the failing of every English man or woman—whether professor of English at Oxford or a costermonger—and the old banker was completely deceived.

My own part of the deception was easy. All I had to do was repeat parrot-like the bromides which every American show girl is supposed to use, such as "I'll tell the world" and "You said it." I interspersed my sentences with "You said it, baby" and plenty of "Maybe's."

The luncheon party was a great success. Not only did he compliment my friend on the charm of her English accent, which in truth was the grossest caricature I have ever heard, but also complimented her on her poise, dignity and gestures, which were so thoroughly redolent of the well bred a person and how badly "your poor little New York friend stands out in comparison."

That hurt me, so I had to tell him of our little deception. My friend and I laughed, but he failed to see the joke.

Lee and Jake Shubert were the two busiest business men I ever saw, but never tired ones, though apparently they worked day and night. Anyone could see either of them if he had patience enough but often it was necessary to wait days on a bench in the outer office.

While sitting on that anxious seat, one plans volumes of things to say in the coming interview and if the Messrs. Shubert were forced to listen to one-half of one per cent of all this they would have to go out of business and probably out of their minds. Lee had an ingenious invention to protect himself from this flood of talk.

When an applicant is finally introduced, he gets up from his desk in the corner and stands talking to her with most flattering interest, just long enough to decide whether he wants to use her or not. Then, taking her gallantly by the arm, he leads the pleased actress across to another door, not the one through which she entered. She goes eagerly enough, the first time, supposing that she is on her way into an inner sanctum. But when she steps proudly through ahead of him she finds herself in cold, empty, outside space, the door closed behind her and it is a one-way door.

The first time this happened to me it took a week to get back into his presence again. After that I stood still until I had said such things as were absolutely necessary. I made my speech short enough, because once you get the reputation of being a talker nobody wants to see you.

One gloomy day when, almost penniless, I applied to Jake Shubert for a job I saw that he was looking at my feet and frowning. It was Winter time, snow had just fallen and I was tramping around in light slippers.

"You girls have altogether too many colds," he said, "and no wonder. It's because you insist on skating around on a day like this in such fool gear as that. Can't a girl have legs and brains, too?"

"Mr. Shubert," I replied. "I don't like those slippers any better than you do and the only reason I am wearing them is because, simply, I haven't the price of a pair of high ones."

At that, his practiced hand flicked a ten-dollar bill from his roll, he handed it to me and ushered me out, saying that I could consider it a loan. I wonder how many of those loans he makes in a year and if they let him deduct them from his income tax, for I fear that most of them must be a total loss. The Shuberts, to use American expressions, are a shrewd, hard-boiled, suspicious, close-fisted, generous, kind-hearted couple of easy marks. They always seem to get the best of it or the worst of it in every deal and never to come out even in anything.

In the Winter it was cold, but in the Summer, at the Winter Garden, there came a hot spell and there was an epidemic of heat prostrations.

"The girls are fainting on me by the dozen every night," said Zeke, the stage manager. "I've got to do something for their health in a hurry or the show will be crippled."

And Zeke did it. He performed a miraculous cure, without medicine or laying on of hands, just by tacking up a little notice. Zeke's notice informed us that the management was alarmed at the fine constitutions of its chorus and that hereafter anyone who lost a performance or part of one on account of fainting would be required to stay home and recuperate for an entire week. The point in it for us was that we would lose a week's pay and so we all agreed that it was an outrage and we would not endure it. Yet from that day on among the entire 60 of us there was not another single swoon. Zeke expected no thanks for that cure and he did not get any either.

Speaking of [illegible]rs, the one that im[illegible] me the most was the last [illegible]d's Mr. Lathan, bec[illegible]he living image of [illegible]ge.

[illegible]ever he spoke to me sud-[illegible], it was all I could do to [illegible] myself from answering, "[illegible], Your Majesty." The first [illegible] I entered his office my knees wanted to bend in the curtsy just as they had when I was formally presented to the King.

After I joined Ziegfeld's glorified girls I plunged into all the gayety of a "Follies" girl's life.

I was doing in Rome as the Romans do in accepting invitations to millionaires' parties with the other girls. I attended those gatherings where it was a usual thing for the girls before leaving to find a hundred-dollar bill under their plates as a little souvenir. I was the guest, along with the Dolly Sisters and a number of others, at a wonderful party given by "Diamond Jim" Brady, where after a negro jazz orchestra had made syncopated music through the first course a tremendous pie was brought in. The crust was set on fire and out flew thirty or forty canaries.

We girls were given pretty gilded cages and told to try to catch the canaries for our own. We went at it enthusiastically enough, but soon found that it simply could not be done.

Stranded in Chicago in the hottest part of the Summer, I sought a position as manikin. This seemed like such easy work. All I had to do was to put on beautiful clothes and parade about before the eyes of visiting buyers from further West. The job proved to be exactly as represented but far from easy, in fact it was agony. Nobody had told me that the beautiful garments were to be heavy for coats. I nearly died but, like Zeke, they would not let me "faint on them."

This experience made me so thin that my friends advised me to pad when I reached New York in the Fall and commenced job-hunting. The present extremely thin figure had not yet come into style, so when the X-ray eye of Mr. Ziegfeld saw through me and asked if I were not padding a bit, I confessed with the belief that my chances with his "Follies" were killed.

But no, the man was ahead of the times. In "glorifying the American girl" (even if she happened to be English) he had discovered that only the very slim figures are pleasing to the eye when totally exposed and I was accepted.

Before getting that job I had had a short experience in vaudeville. At that time Al Jolson was a leading vaudeville star, and I was lucky enough to get a small part in one of his variety companies.

Jolson, like Frank Tinney, was constantly playing jokes on his fellow players, but Jolson's jokes were not nearly as rough or elaborate as Tinney's turned out to be. I remember in our playlet the scene was a banquet, and Jolson as a guest was supposed to feed another guest with some sort of a vegetable salad. Chopped apple was always used, but one night Al Jolson substituted chopped garlic. I shall never forget the expression of the other man when he swallowed what was on the fork held out to him by Jolson.

The most dangerous adventure of my life occurred near Buffalo, which by the way, is a "hoodoo" city for me. Another girl and I had started out for a long tramp into the country. The air was delightful and we were so full of ambition that when we turned back we found that we had gone too far and were footsore and weary long before the big city was in sight.

We were wondering what to do about it when a big, handsome car rolled up from behind and stopped, as a man's voice called out pleasantly and respectfully:

"We thought you girls walked as if you were a little tired. May we give you a lift back to town?"

Both of us looked at the two men in the car. They were sober, had the appearance of gentlemen and their offer struck us as an act of providence and we accepted in a hurry. I sat in front with the driver and presumably owner of the automobile, while my friend got into the rear with the other man.

We spun along for a mile or two and the conversation was just what it should have been from strangers who wished us to feel at ease. Then the car turned off the broad State highway into a country road to the left and I asked the man beside me why.

"Detour ahead," was his reply. This seemed all right except that I could remember no repairs on the highway and there was no detour sign when we turned. I hated to be suspicious and yet, after all, these men were strangers, so I said to the driver:

"We'll get out here, if you are going to make a detour."

There was no answer except that our speed increased. So I touched his arm and spoke again:

"Will you stop, please, so we can get out? We do not wish to go any further."

When he still ignored me, I nudged him again and he turned a grim face on me as he said:

"Never touch the arm of the man who is driving a car unless you wish to break that swan-like neck of yours, especially when you see he is doing 40 miles an hour over a bum road like this."

With that he let the car out another notch and we slowed and

(Continued on Page 21)

NEWS FLASHES STRAIGHT FROM MARYE DAHNKE'S KITCHEN

...A *PACKAGED* AMERICAN CHEESE WITH FULL NATURAL FLAVOR

MY HUSBAND WILL LOVE IT. I'LL GET SOME TODAY.

Probably your kitchen holds a secret. Some special discovery you yourself have made that gives you a better cake, more perfect meringue or a fluffier soufflé.

Kraft has made just such a discovery in cheese making. A new method that holds *all the full, natural flavor of fine Cheddar Cheese in pasteurized, packaged American.* Something no cheesemaker has ever been able to do before!

You'll notice the new Kraft American has a richer flavor than any you've ever had before — whether you serve it fresh-cut, toasted, or in baked dishes.

Try it very soon—in these *Sautéed Sandwiches.* Mix 1 cup grated Kraft American, 1 tsp. chopped onion and ½ tsp. Worcestershire. Spread between slices of bread and sauté on both sides in butter until a golden brown. Serve hot, garnished with tomato and chopped pickle.

Here's a new one—
Swiss Potatoes Duchess

Most of us are so uninspired when it comes to potatoes, aren't we? But here's a recipe that's a treasure. To 2 cups hot mashed potatoes add 2 beaten eggs, ½ cup hot milk, seasoning and 1 cup of Kraft Swiss Cheese, grated. Put the mixture through a large pastry tube to make little swirled mounds. Brown in the oven. The nut-sweet Kraft Swiss melts in a jiffy and gives the potatoes a delicious cheese richness.

For breakfast—
"Philadelphia" Cream Cheese

Try this—and you won't have to call breakfast more than *once!* A smooth, snowy-white square of "Philadelphia" brand Cream Cheese to go with the toast and marmalade. Its cool, delicate flavor is particularly tempting with your morning cup of coffee. "Philadelphia" brand is nutritious with rich, sweet cream. Wonderfully pure and wholesome. Let the children have "Philadelphia", too—all they want. It's *good* for them!

Creamed Old English for a husband's pie

Apple pie and cheese—the quickest, surest way to a man's heart! Especially when the cheese is Kraft Creamed Old English—delightfully sharp with fine, aged English-type Cheddar. Just grate slightly chilled Creamed Old English, and pile it on each piece—*generously.* Creamed Old English is marvelous spread on crackers too—plain or toasted!

Free—*recipe booklets*

We have two recipe booklets you'll want. One has cheese recipes, the other is full of salad ideas. They're yours for the asking. Write to me at The Home Economics Kitchen, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp., Dept. N, 400 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.

Marye Dahnke

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The FINEST of INK

★ FOR FOUNTAIN PENS

★ IN THE SMART NEW INKWELL BOTTLE

"MIDNIGHT" Blue—Carter's new Fountain Pen Ink. Deep-toned, free-flowing, permanent. Also, Blue-Black, Black, and Washable Blue. A *Hit* from the first day on the market!

Modern as the minute in its gleaming black and silver Inkwell Bottle. Adds "class" to your desk or writing table. Handler, too. Wide-mouthed for easy filling or dipping. No more ink-stained fingers.

You'll like both Ink and Inkwell Bottle better . . . Sells for a quarter.

CARTER'S INK

Resinol Helped My Skin in 3 Days

"When I decided to try Resinol Soap and Ointment, my complexion was a sight from pimples and blackheads. I had a horrid, muddy looking skin and when I used powder it looked even worse. After three days use of the Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap, I could see an improvement. Now all my friends tell me how well my skin looks." (Signed)—Mrs. M. N.* *Name on Request. St. Louis, Mo.

FOR FREE TRIAL size package of Ointment and Soap with your copy of our new booklet on Skin Treatment, write to Resinol, Dept. X-11, Baltimore, Md.

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FALSE TEETH
Tight — all day

"Klutch" forms a comfort cushion, holds the plates so snug they can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with, and you need can get under them. *You can eat and speak as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't endure loose plates another day. "Klutch" will end your troubles. 25c and 50c at druggists! If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you. If he does not, don't *waste money* on substitutes but write us for a box. Use 30 days, then, if satisfied, pay us. If not, don't pay a cent.

HART & CO., Box 2193-D, Elmira, N. Y.

Gray Hair
Best Remedy is Made At Home

To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Barbo will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

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Retain a Fresh Clear Complexion

Cleanse your face every night with hot water and Cuticura Soap, using plenty of Soap. Rinse with tepid water. When the skin is irritated, gently smear with Cuticura Ointment. In five minutes bathe as directed above.

Write for special folder on the care of the skin
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 77, Malden, Mass.

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Accept none but the **Genuine**

'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly is a standard product the world over—pure, safe, sanitary. For first aid, nursery and a hundred other uses, nothing can take the place of it. Soothing and healing. An ideal emollient. Tasteless, may be taken internally. It is refined by a special process of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company. For your own protection insist upon the genuine.

LOOK FOR THE TRADEMARK VASELINE WHEN YOU BUY.

If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

FOOT PAINS GO IN 10 MINUTES

NOW you can get quick, lasting relief from foot pains, aches, cramps, tiredness, calluses, tired arches and other foot ailments. Go to your drug store or shoe store and get a pair of light, inexpensive JUNG'S ARCH BRACES. If not delighted, your money will be refunded.

WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE FAILS ... those new, scientific, elastic braces give immediate relief. They correct the cause by supporting the arches properly. Developed in our own laboratories. Prove it at our risk! Millions wear them. Physicians urge them. Jung Braces cost as little as $1.00. Ask your dealer . . . or write for FREE Booklet explaining the cause of foot troubles and how to relieve and correct them.

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The Jung Arch Brace Co.
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JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

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INGROWN NAIL

PAIN STOPS! NAIL GROWS OUT AGAIN

Don't suffer another day from ingrown nail. Get a 25¢ bottle of Dr. Scholl's Outzel. A few drops in the crevice instantly relieves pain; quickly heals irritation and inflammation; prevents infection. Then the nail starts growing normally and straight again. At drug and shoe stores.

Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

DON'T CRY OVER UGLY SKIN

If you have ugly pimples, red itch or any blemish just use a little of this clean ointment tonight—a marvelous blend of two wonderful skin remedies, Menthol and Flowers of Sulphur—and your skin will look better and clearer by morning. Soon it will be beautiful, attractive. Ask your druggist for a jar of

Rowles Mentho Sulphur

FREE to Catholics ONLY

Send your name and address and we will mail this deeply modeled Sacred Heart—Miraculous Ring, guaranteed Silver oxidized finish Absolutely Free, without one cent of expense to you. Please give finger size.

Lane Co., Dept. 114, Providence, R. I.

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Baked Prunes, Cereal, Tomato Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Oatmeal, Buttered Toast, Coffee.	Tomato Juice, Hashed Potatoes, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	Oranges, Broiled Mackerel, Potatoes, Corn Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Brown Rice, Brown Sugar Syrup, Creamed Asparagus on Toast, Coffee.	Sliced Peaches, Canned or Green Corn Griddle Cakes (Left-Over Corn), Syrup, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Reheated Rolls, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Baked Apple Dumplings, Lemon Sauce, Iced Cocoa.	Halibut Timbales, Creamed Peas, Potato Chips, Ice Box Rolls, Canned Peach and Almond Salad, French Dressing.	Veal and Egg Salad or Baked Macaroni, Hot Tea Biscuits, Sliced Pineapple with Marshmallow, Sponge Drops, Tea or Cocoa.	Frozen Pineapple Salad (Juice Left from Wednesday), Mayonnaise Dressing, Graham Bread and Cream Cheese Sandwiches, Russian Tea or Cocoa.	Green Pepper Stuffed with Tomatoes and Corn, Biscuits, Cup Custard.	Corned Beef Salad or Spaghetti, Cherries, Gingerbread with Apple Whip.	Springtime Cocktail, Baked Lamb Chops, Pimento Potato Puff, Lima Beans or String Beans, Cream Cake, Raspberry Delight.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Veal Loaf, Brown Sauce, Mashed Potatoes or Noodles, Lettuce and Cress Salad, Jellied Rhubarb, Cookies.	Roast Veal (Left-Over), Delmonico Potatoes, Buttered Asparagus, Pickled Pearl Onions, Baked Pudding with Ginger Sauce.	Vegetable Macedoine, Salad of Crisp Lettuce and Sardine Balls, French Dressing, Crusty Rolls, Fruit Cup.	Emergency Soup, Baked Beef Balls, Boiled Rice, String Beans, Spiced Beets, Floating Island, Custard Sauce.	Fried Chicken with Cream Sauce, Potato Balls, Buttered Peas, Lettuce, Radish and Celery Salad, Ice Cream, Cookies.	Lentil Croquettes, Tomato Sauce, Scalloped Egg Plant, Cucumbers with French Dressing, Fruit Sherbet, Cup Cakes.	Rye Bread and Cream Cheese Sandwiches, Savory Sandwiches, Peach Shortcake (Left-Over or Stale Cake).

Springtime Sandwich Suggestions

Watercress Sandwiches.

FINELY chop tender young cress. Mix with creamed cream cheese or freshly grated American cheese, season to taste with salt and pepper. Spread on thinly sliced graham or white bread, roll as jelly roll and secure in place with toothpicks. Wrap in damp towel until serving time. Remove toothpicks before serving.

Harlequin Sandwiches.

CUT bread very thin and cut half the slices with a round biscuit cutter. Use a doughnut cutter the same size to cut the other half. Spread some of the under slices with lemon butter, some with watercress or green butter and some with lobster or paprika butter. Press upper slices on the lower slices so that the colored butter will show through the hole.

Nut Bread Sandwiches.

CUT nut bread at least 24 hours old in thin slices. Spread with creamed cottage cheese and put together with amber marmalade or cherry jam.

Cheese and Ginger Sandwiches.

SPREAD finely chopped ginger between thin slices of graham bread spread with softened cream cheese.

Savory Cheese Sandwiches.

MOISTEN ½ pound cream or home-made cottage cheese with ¼ cup chili sauce and season with ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, if desired. Add finely chopped olives, if desired. Use with whole wheat bread.

NOW HAVE A LOVELY SKIN THAT LOOKS "Always Young"

Send for Secret FREE

Use Sem-Pray compressed Cleansing Cream before going out tonight and look prettier than ever. Hear compliments on lovely, fresh skin.

Extra Gift If You Send Quick

Contains rare Eastern Oils combined by secret process never used in ordinary creams. Melts more deeply into pores; cleanses skin of dust and impurities never dislodged before. This supreme cleaning gives your skin a new freshness and velvety smoothness; brings out a hidden loveliness. Also erases wrinkles and age-lines.

In dainty container with push-up bottom. Fingers never touch. As easy to use as a lipstick. Always look as if you had just come from a Beauty Parlor. Get Sem-Pray today! Large economical package, 60c, at all good toilet goods counters. Or mail coupon today.

FREE Extra Gifts Send today for Sem-Pray

Mme. LaNore, Sem-Pray Salons, Suite 1650-B, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Send generous package Sem-Pray Cream. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing. Include Rouge and Face Powder FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

By Lord Montagu's Daughter Who Ran Away to Be a Chorus Girl

(Continued from Page 20)

bumped over that narrow country road at a perilous rate. I pleaded and threatened to jump, but he never spoke nor took his eyes from that twisting road.

Turning my head, I saw the other man struggling with my friend and I started to climb over the seat to her assistance. The man saw me and, holding her with one hand, pointed a pistol at me with the other and shouted above the noise of the car:

"Don't try to meddle, little lady. Just sit down and keep your shirt on and nobody will get hurt. We've got a notion to have you dine with us at Danny's place. Danny and I kind of like you, and we are going to show you a swell time whether you want us to or not!"

That man looked capable of shooting and I had never had a gun stuck in my face before even on the stage and so I turned and appealed to the man at the wheel. After quite a lot of this, the reckless driver spoke out of the corner of his mouth:

"Shut up, darling, you are breaking my heart. I can't see with tears in my eyes."

I talked some more until he blitched the corner of his mouth around again and said:

"You're wasting your breath, sweetheart. I haven't any decent feelings except Sunday when I go to church and this is only Thursday, so forget it."

I stopped talking and began to think, but no plan came to my mind except to be ready for the first chance that offered. Finally the car drew up to the gate of some sort of a country place. I was too busy to notice what it was like. Danny told the other man to get out and open the gate, which he did, after warning my friend not to move unless she wanted her charming brains blown out.

Luckily she was thoroughly cowed by the pistol and I pretended to be in the same condition. As the other man reached for the gate fastening, I stooped down, seized Danny's right leg and lifted with all my strength. Now a dancer is an athlete—she has to be—and Danny went over the side of the car, landing in the road on the top of his head, hurt and stunned. There was no more trouble from him.

The moment his foot left the clutch pedal, the car started ahead with a jerk, for the engine was running and the gears were in low. I slid into the driver's seat, whirled the wheel around and stepped on the gas. We flopped into a ditch, rose on two wheels, almost tipped over and straightened into the road again.

Danny was down and out but the other man was very much alive and I could not shift into second in time to outstrip him. A warning scream from the back seat made me turn my head. The fellow, pistol in hand, was running for us and seemed sure to catch the car. Just as his hand clutched for the side to leap on the running board, he stumbled over something and fell flat, his pistol flying out of his grasp. The man might still have caught us but he lost another precious second in securing his weapon. I slipped her into second speed, pretty confident now that we were safe, but we were not through yet.

Bang! went his gun and I almost let go of the wheel when I heard my friend slump down on the floor of the car. Not knowing whether she was shot or not, I bent low over the wheel and drove like mad. Another shot passed my ear and the windshield smashed into a puff of splinters. I could not resist turning my head. There in the dust lay the limp form of Danny and much nearer the other rascal taking careful aim at me.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

American Weekly Patterns

A DAINTY DRESS (7860). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20, with corresponding bust 33½, 35, 36½ and 38, also in 40 and 42 bust. Size 16 if made as in the large view will require 3 yards of 35-inch material together with ⅞ yard of 39-inch contrasting material for sleeves and sash.

A FROCK FOR SLENDER FIGURES (7861). Designed for slight figures in 5 sizes: 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19, with corresponding bust sizes, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37. Size 13 will require 4⅝ yards of 35-inch material. The sash of ribbon will require 2⅝ yards.

A SMART STYLE FOR THE LARGER WOMAN (7845). Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 46 will require 5⅝ yards of 39-inch material, together with ⅝ yard of contrasting material.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL (7866). Designed in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 8 if made as in the large view will require 2¾ yards of 39-inch material. Without capelet 1⅞ yards will be required. The sash of ribbon will require 1⅝ yards.

A DAINTY FROCK FOR A TINY TOT (7841). Designed in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2, and 3 years. Size 2 will require 1⅝ yards of 35-inch material.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 15c in coin, for EACH PATTERN (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES) to

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FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.

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PATTERNS 15c EACH.

If you desire a copy of our NEW SPRING AND SUMMER BOOK OF FASHIONS FOR 1933, containing 230 designs of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Patterns, also Hints to the Home Dressmaker, send 10 cents in coin to American Weekly Patterns, 11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LIFTS DIRT! RESTORES PAINTED SURFACES

SPREAD IT ON WIPE IT OFF! NO RUBBING NO SCRUBBING

Dic-A-Doo *isn't* just another cleaner! It's a new, amazing *method* which lifts grime and dirt from painted, varnished and lacquered surfaces.

Try it on walls, floors, woodwork, tile, brick—on the garage or house exterior. See how it removes dirt like magic—and how spotlessly clean and restored the Dic-A-Doo-treated surface looks. Effective and quick—yet harmless to washable surfaces and hands.

SAVES COST OF REPAINTING

Dic-A-Doo often restores dull walls and woodwork that seem to need repainting. You can "do over" your kitchen, bathroom, porch, garage, etc. at trifling cost. And when repainting *must* be done, always clean with Dic-A-Doo first. It assures a better job.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

Try Dic-A-Doo—*free*. Send coupon today. Sold at paint, hardware, wallpaper, and department stores. 15c and 30c. Slightly more west of Rockies. The Patent Cereals Co., Dept. A33 Geneva, N.Y. (In Canada: 371 Wallace Avenue, Toronto.)

DIC-A-DOO paint cleaner

☐ Send free sample.
☐ Send ½ lb. pkg. (15c enclosed)
☐ Send 1¼ lb. pkg. (30c enclosed)

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Address .....
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GOSH, I WISH I HAD A COMPLEXION LIKE ELISSA LANDI'S

THEY TELL ME SHE USES LUX TOILET SOAP—I'M GOING TO USE IT, TOO!

HOW natural to envy a screen star's exquisite complexion! A skin lovely enough to make thousands of hearts beat faster . . . a skin with the soft, sweet smoothness no man can resist!

Small wonder women everywhere are eagerly following the screen stars' advice in the all-important matter of complexion care.

"I am among the scores of stars who use Lux Toilet Soap," says Elissa Landi. "I find it excellent for the skin."

When the close-up brings this charming actress NEAR, her skin is irresistible. When eager eyes look at *you*, do they find the beauty that wins—and holds—the heart?

686 of the 694 leading actresses in Hollywood (including all stars) use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. Their preference for this same gentle complexion care is so overwhelming that Lux Toilet Soap has been made the *official* soap in all the large film studios!

You try it. Begin today to make your skin as radiantly lovely as it should be—as it can be—soon!

ELISSA LANDI

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As Madonna more stirringly Beautiful than *nine years ago*.. Lady Diana Manners says

"I depend entirely on the creams I chose then"

Learn from this famous beauty... keep YOUR skin satin-soft—ever more enchanting

BELVOIR CASTLE
Here LADY DIANA MANNERS, *lovely daughter of the eighth Duke of Rutland, lived as a girl.*

In 1924 Lady Diana Manners when she first appeared in "The Miracle" in America. Famed as the most beautiful woman of English aristocracy, Lady Diana said: "Every woman can accomplish loveliness by using Pond's Creams."

Today After nine years, audiences are spellbound by the beauty, more enchanting than ever, of Lady Diana Manners, now Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, as she plays Madonna in the recent London revival of "The Miracle."

"CONTRARY to common belief, women on the stage seek the simplest methods to care for the skin." Lady Diana Duff-Cooper speaks with disarming British candour.

"After all," she declares, "good care of your skin consists only in cleansing it thoroughly with a pure cream and *always* protecting it."

That surprises you. As you look at the exquisite loveliness of Lady Diana's complexion you imagine that she uses many secret and expensive formulas for beauty.

Uses just Two Creams . . .

"It was in America, when I first opened in 'The Miracle,' that I discovered Pond's Two Creams. They served me so perfectly that from that time on I have been positively devoted to them.

"I use Pond's Cold Cream *constantly* (day and night and always after exposure) to cleanse my skin thoroughly, and it removes make-up perfectly! Also when one's face feels tired a generous patting of Pond's Cold Cream revives and stimulates it.

"And the Vanishing Cream is a hope fulfilled!

"It is such a glorious foundation for cosmetics. And never do I expose my skin in any climate without first smoothing it on. Are you familiar with it? It is the most enchanting, most protective cream I have ever known!"

Watch YOUR *skin respond at once*

Pond's Two Creams are extraordinarily pure—and amazingly efficacious. The rich oils of the Cold Cream restore freshness to a tired skin; the famous healing and soothing properties of the Vanishing Cream keep your skin soft and white. Begin now to use these Two Creams. Each day your skin will grow more youthfully fresh.

Have you tried Pond's New Face Powder? This is what Lady Diana Manners says about it: "Almost unbelievable . . . so exquisite a powder . . . at so moderate a price."

Titled Englishwomen, American society women use Pond's Two Creams. Among them are:

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke	*Miss Anne Morgan*
The Lady Louis Mountbatten	*Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt*
The Countess Howe	*Mrs. Alistar McCormick*
The Lady Violet Astor	*Mrs. E. Wrenn du Pont*
Lady Georgiana Curzon	*Mrs. Morgan Belmont*

Lady Diana uses Pond's Cold Cream . . .

"*To cleanse the skin* thoroughly of all foreign particles after every exposure, and always at night.

"*To remove all traces* of cosmetics from face and lips. And Pond's soft Tissues are a great aid.

"*When my face feels tired*, a generous patting left on while I lie down and rest relieves strain."

Try Pond's lovely Cold Cream for these special purposes. See how quickly it freshens and beautifies your own skin.

New! Pond's Face Powder

Lady Diana uses Pond's Vanishing Cream . . .

"*Always as a foundation* for make-up. It's simply perfect and holds the powder like nothing else.

"*Before riding, walking, tennis*—before *every* sport and every exposure. I use it constantly.

"*To smooth chapped* or roughened skin (whenever I have been neglectful).

"*To erase powder dust* from eyelashes and eyebrows—as a finishing touch. (Which, incidentally, softens them.)

"Almost every day *to keep my hands and arms* soft and white."

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of free samples

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. C, 142 Hudson St., New York
Please send me (check choice): *Pond's New Face Powder* in attractive jar. Light Cream ☐; Rose Cream ☐; Brunette ☐; Naturelle ☐. OR *Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener* ☐.

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Address_____

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